BYSTANDER, NOVEMBER 4TH 1925.

The BYSTANDER

WINTER SPORTS No

EDITED ON THE SPOT

ALL USUAL FEATURES

1/-

MEGEVE

FRENCH ALPS

Railway Stations : Sallanches or Le Fayet-St. Gervais, P.L.M.

IDEAL CENTRE FOR SKI-ING

Just over 20 miles from CHAMONIX.

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HOTEL du MONT d'ARBOIS

4166 feet altitude.

FIRST CLASS—RENOWNED CELLARS AND COOKING

15th December - **ALL WINTER SPORTS** - end March

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One of the Finest Mountain Golf Links in France. Tennis.

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THE PANAMA CANAL

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THE ROYAL MAIL AND PACIFIC LINES,

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Border Design from old South American Indian Patterns.

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SEASON 1925-1926. December to March.

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(Pyrénées Orientales)
Incomparable winter resort

Le Grand Hotel

(Altitude, 6000 feet.)

WINTER SPORTS : Ski, Lugeing, Bobsleigh, Sledge, Skijoring, Hockey, Curling, Skating

Complete Pension terms (7 days' minimum) From Fs. 65, excl ding taxes

SPECIAL TERMS FOR FAMILIES

Special early and late season terms.

For all information, apply to M. le Directeur, GRAND HOTEL FONT-ROMEU (Pyrénées Orientales).

LUCHON SUPERBAGNÈRES

(Hte. Garonne)
The station for winter sports.

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Connected with Luchon by Electric Rack and Pinion Railway.

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Apparatus and Sportsmen taken up by the Electric Railway

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No Disfiguring Hair to Mar her charm

TWO million women find that Veet satisfactorily solves the perplexing problem of getting rid of those insistent growths of hair which destroy a woman's daintiness. They are no longer slaves to the razor, which only makes hair grow faster and thicker, nor do they have to resort to old-fashioned and objectionable depilatories.

Veet Cream is put up in a tube and is ready for instant use You just spread it on, wait a few minutes, rinse it off and the hair is gone. Every tube is sold with a written guarantee of entirely satisfactory results or money refunded.

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WARNING.—Veet Cream is the original and perfect perfumed velvety cream for removing hair. Beware of imitations and inferior substitutes, *which may also be more expensive.* Insist upon VEET and you will be *sure* of satisfaction.

1/6 **VEET** 3/-

THE ORIGINAL AND BEST PERFUMED CREAM FOR REMOVING SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

Catalogue post free.

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Intending purchasers of furs are strongly advised to inspect our stock before coming to a decision. Practically every garment that we offer for sale is worked on the premises by our own highly-skilled furriers from carefully selected skins. By handling the skins from the raw state up to the finished article we detect and reject all inferior skins, and at the same time eliminate all intermediate profits, and therefore claim with the utmost confidence that the value we offer is absolutely unbeatable. The shape illustrated has been adapted from a Paris model and shows the latest trend of fashion.

SMART FUR COAT worked from selected western brown musquash skins, on practical lines, specially designed for Motoring and can be recommended for hard wear. Lined rich crepe de Chine.

PRICE **45 Gns.**

In natural black musquash..	**89 Gns.**
In golden nutria ..	**69 Gns.**
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Sent on approval

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Wigmore Street (Cavendish Square) London W.1

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The new catalogue (sent post free on application to the address below) shows a variety of styles to match your furniture. Nearest agent's name accompanies catalogue.

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We Pay Carriage within the British Isles.

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An unusually smart effect is achieved in this new model by the collar and pockets being trimmed with a contrasting colour. Other recommendations are the universally admired "Walpole" tailored cut, perfect finish, and excellent material. In Ivory, Woodrose, Almond, Apricot, Coral, Saxe, Mastic, Cherry, Helio. Sizes: 42, 44 and 46.

45/9

OUR AUTUMN FASHION BOOK will be sent post free, on request.
LADIES GOING TO TROPICAL COUNTRIES will find in our showrooms a charming range of silk and cotton frocks of exceptional value. A visit is cordially invited.

LORD HAIG'S APPEAL
REMEMBRANCE DAY
NOV. 11th
"Wear a Flanders Poppy."

ORIGINAL CAMI KNICKER

FOR EVENING WEAR

INEXPENSIVE CAMI KNICKER (as sketch) in pure silk crepe de Chine, suitable for the new evening gown having a low cut bodice at back, trimmed across front with wide lace, new flared skirt edged with narrow lace. Colours: Ivory, Black, Peach, Green, Pervenche and Pink.

PRICE
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Also in washing satin, **39/6.**

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After strenuous exercise—a natural thirst. The time to keep an "Elfin" Vacuum Flask at hand. It ensures the pleasures of a pure refreshing hot drink at any time. The "Elfin" is the all-glass Flask, specially hardened for ordinary use, with a large all-glass drinking cup. No metallic taste or smell, no scorching or blistering of the fingers or lips—the "Elfin" is always pleasant to drink from. It is hygienic, does not tarnish, and liquids poured in at boiling point will show a higher temperature after 24 hours than any other Flask. Take an "Elfin" with you. The

ELFIN VACUUM FLASK

(Made of "diamond hard" glass.)

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Price 4/6 (Postage 9d. extra) for Pint size, and 9/- (Postage 1/- extra) for Quart size. Leather carrying-cases 6/- and 10/6 respectively. From all Ironmongers, Chemists and Stores, or from the address below.

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Shoes for the Riviera

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BENCH-MADE
Shoes *for Ladies*

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MODEL 4306
Exclusive design in Black Satin and Black and Gold Brocade.

"A Shoe of Beauty and a Joy to Wear."

If you experience any difficulty in obtaining Excelsior Shoes, please write for name of nearest agent to the sole makers, G. F. HUTCHINGS & CO., Ltd., Excelsior Works, BRISTOL.

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depends so much upon its condition. Such frocks do not "wear out"; but they may look dowdy after being worn but a few times. Skilful cleaning and "refinishing" restores their original charm. Our experts are trained in the treatment of fragile and valuable gowns, and for many, many years the leading ladies' papers have recommended "Achille Serre" for this class of work. Our processes include the removal of all spots and stains, and are absolutely safe and reliable. Yet our charges are most reasonable. May we send you a copy of our illustrated brochure "Milady's Dress," which includes a Price List and addresses of our Branches throughout the country.

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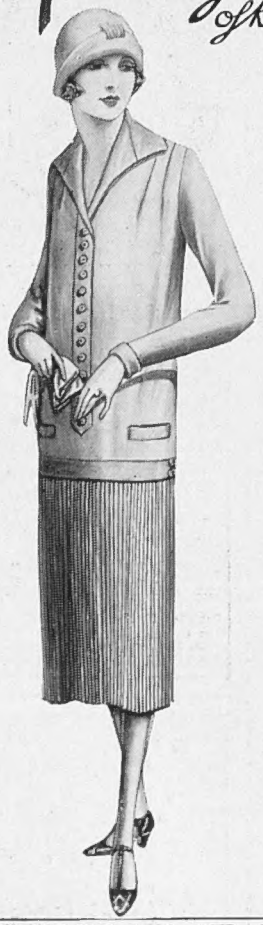
O.9 *Branches and Agents Everywhere.*

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge



THE FASHION FOR STOCKINETTE JUMPER SUITS

Wool Stockinette Jumper Suit *(as sketch), made expressly for Harvey Nichols from superfine quality material. The skirt is finely pleated, and the becoming jumper has facings of own material. Attractive suit for house wear. In a delightful range of colours.*

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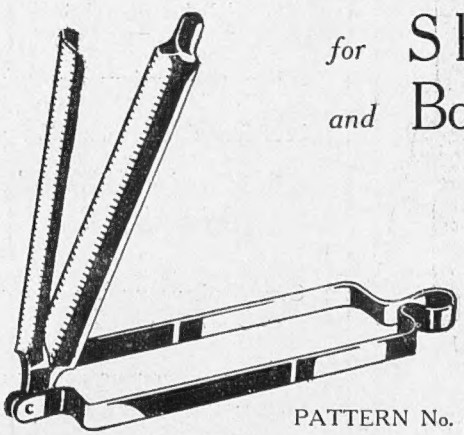
Nature alone won't wave the hair, Hindes Wavers, too, Must do their share.

This wave is easily effected with

HINDES HAIR WAVERS

for Shingled *and* Bobbed Hair



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Stores, Drapers and Hairdressers. Price 1/6 the card of four.

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FOR WINTER

THE STUDINGTON D.B. GROSVENOR

THE NEW STUDINGTON MODELS, TOGETHER WITH OUR LATEST RANGES OF CHOICE AND PRACTICAL MATERIALS ARE NOW COMPLETE, AND PRICES HAVE BEEN FIXED, WHICH, WHILE STRICTLY COMPETITIVE, ARE COMPATIBLE WITH ONLY THE VERY BEST OF MATERIAL AND WORKMANSHIP.

PRICES FROM 6 Gns.

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FASHIONABLE HIGH-GRADE

SHOES

FOR EVENING WEAR

BLACK SATIN DANCE SHOE, Louis heel, a comfortable and well-fitting model, Price, per pair **25/9**

SMART BLACK SATIN EVENING SHOE, Louis heel. Price, per pair **49/6**

In Gold or Silver tinsel at the same price.

ATTRACTIVE OTTOMAN TINSEL SHOE, in Gold or Silver, with strappings of self colour tissue. Price, per pair **59/6**

Also in Blonde satin **55/-** per pair.

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ATTRACTIVE EVENING SHOE in Black Pointex, with strappings of Black Satin, Louis heel. Price, per pair **63/-**

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GLOVES THAT CAN BE RELIED UPON WITH THE UTMOST CONFIDENCE

Sent on Approval

S. 37.—Modern quality washable chevrette suede, 5-button length, centre gusset, elastic at wrist, finished top. Also in a plain Sac, in White, Light Beaver, Deep Cream, and Pastel, Light Tan, Grey. **8/11** per pair.

Best quality "Duplex" fabric in Champagne, Putty, Light Tan, Grey, Drab, Black, and White, with contrasting coloured linings of same fabric, **4/11** per pair. Also in a similar glove in suede fabric lined with plush. **4/11** per pair.

Arabian Lambskin mocha finish and bound leather top as sketch in Cinnamon, Silver Grey, Slate, Tan, and Bronze. **12/9** per pair. Also similar leather in 2-pearl button. Prix seam in Tan, Slate and Nigger. **8/11** per pair.

Arabian Lambskin gloves selected leather mocha finish, lined wool with fur wrist. In Tan, Slate and Nigger. Special Price **14/9** per pair

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For generations mothers have been using Cuticura Preparations for all toilet purposes and have been teaching their daughters that daily use of them produces clear, smooth skin and healthy hair. They find the Soap pure and cleansing, the Ointment soothing and healing, should any irritations arise, and the Talcum an ideal toilet powder.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s.3d. and 2s.6d., Talcum 1s.3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.
Cuticura Shaving Stick 1s. 3d.

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HINDES HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers **2/6** or direct:—

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Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

THE DUAL HEALTH CORSET

Registered Patent No. 119031. Approved by both Doctors and Fashion Experts.

Illustrated "Corset Brochure" post free on request.

***The Dual Health Corset** is made in two distinct parts, the band of surgical elastic at top buttons over on the left side, and controls and subdues into straightness the thickness above the waist, which ruins the contour of so many figures and entirely spoils the effect of fashionable gowns. The tiny busk below gives the support to the lower part of the figure which is essential from both a health and fashion point of view, and which is necessary both for slim and full figures. Stocked in good quality White/Pink, White/Blue, Black/Coloured, and in all White Broché. Sizes 26 to 36 ins., and in three heights.*

PRICE
$4\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.

Important Notice.
Correct measurements of Bust, Waist and Hips should be taken easily without corsets.

Sent on Approval.

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FOSTER CLARK'S

A treat with all fruit

The Creamiest Custard

THE BYSTANDER

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Our telephone number is now

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HENRY HEATH LTD
105·107·109 OXFORD ST·W·

Over 100 Years of Hat Making

HESPER (5032)

An attractive close fitting hat for winter days. It is made of soft fur-felt, and has a novel trimming of the same medium.

In all the latest shades **30/-**

A selection of Hats will be sent on approval. Write for name and address of nearest Agent.

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SCOTLAND'S LEADING FURRIERS are now showing the Newest Parisian Models in FUR COATS WRAPS AND CLOTH TRIMMED COATS.

The new MILLINERY DEPARTMENT is also complete with the latest Paris Creations in Felts, Velours and Velvets.

Furs sent on approval if order accompanied by Banker's reference.

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VOGUE GOOCHS Ltd & VALUE

LORD HAIG'S APPEAL REMEMBRANCE DAY NOVEMBER 11th WEAR A FLANDERS POPPY

We should like to send you our latest catalogue of winter fashions. Will you not write for it? It is post free.

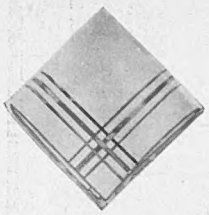
MARGUERITA

The grace of the evening mode is perfectly typified in this semi-evening Gown of black Chiffon and Lace. The modish effect achieved by graduated godet panels falling from a fitting band at low waist-line, with straight back, is most becoming to full figures, giving a graceful slim line. This gown can be copied to order in reseda, brick, tan, beige, navy, grey, chamois, or black, with contrasting lace. Price **6½ Gns.**

Cannot be sent on approval.

NANETTE

The cleverly arranged fullness and the intricate cut of this black Satin Beauté Gown are indications of the latest mode. This charming model is suitable for most occasions and is also made in silk marocain or in colours to order. Satin Beauté. Price **7½ Gns.** In Marocain, Price **6½ Gns.**



Charming Silk Evening Shawl, with heavy knotted fringe, in a beautiful choice of colourings, suitable for day or evening wear. Price **42/9**

Coloured crêpe de Chine Handkerchiefs, with striped satin borders in saxe, champagne, putty, flame, almond, terra, fawn, tan, apricot, sand, red, and cyclamen. Size 12 x 12 ins. Price each **2/6**
Postage 3d. extra.

Finest quality real Tanne Washable Cape Leather Gloves. Made with centre gusset and Boulton thumbs. Perfect fitting and will wear well. In the new shades of tan, cane, and brown. Price, per pair **13/9**
Postage 4d. extra.

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WOOLLANDS

KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.

'Phone: Sloane 4545.

Autumn Display of Paris Fashions

TO-DAY

and daily

Every Correct Mode for the Gentlewoman. Exclusive Hats. Distinctive Wraps. Smart Evening and Restaurant Gowns. Quality Hose and Perfect Fitting Gloves.

Z. 56.—Exquisite Evening Cloak in pretty coloured Venetian Brocaded Velvet. It is lined throughout Crêpe-de-Chine; Collar and Cuffs of Dark Brown Fur. In many beautiful colourings.

Price 13 Gns.

Z. 53.—Dainty Theatre Coat in rich Brocade, cut with the new Flare, lined Crêpe-de-Chine; Collar and Cuffs of Chinchilla Hare. In many beautiful colourings.

Price 12½ Gns.

Similar Coat in coloured Chiffon Velvet, Trimmed Stone Marten Opossum.

Price 15 Gns.

Z. 57. Charming Evening Wrap in Chiffon Velveteen, lined Crêpe-de-Chine, trimmed with Appliqué Flowers of Velvet and Oxydised. In Cyclamen, Fuchsia, New Jade, Flame, Saxe, Reseda, Orange and Sapphire.

Price 6½ Gns.

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Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

LADIES' RELIABLE HOSIERY AT MODERATE PRICES

Good Quality Wide Ribbed Mercerised Lisle Hose, *full fashioned, perfect fitting, reinforced feet. Recommended for hard wear. In Beige, Fawn, Beaver, Nude, Sunburn, Camel, Stone, Grey, Pearl, Silver, Mole, Tan, Brown, White or Black.*
Price, per pair **6/6**

Fine Pure Silk Hose, *spliced feet and garter welts, open lace clox, well fitting. In Flesh, Nude, Chaire, Beige, Fawn, Circassian, Pongee, Silver, Grey, Pearl, Rosewood, White or Black.*
Price, per pair **8/11**

All Wool Cashmere Hose *with small check of spun silk, full fashioned, reinforced feet, smart and extremely popular. In Mole/Silver, Silver/Tan, Tan/Silver, Fawn/Champagne, Champagne/Brown, Mushroom/Silver, Fawn/Black, or Black/White.*
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Best Quality Pure Silk Hose, *spliced feet and garter welts, with fancy open clox, perfect fitting. In Light Beige, Beige, Putty, Fawn, Beaver, Nude, Sunburn, Sunset, Mauresque, Drab, Biscuit, Gold, Silver, Grey, Pearl, Castor, Mole, Cream, Champagne, White or Black.*
Price, per pair **18/11**

Mercerised Lisle Hose *of super quality, specially reinforced feet, thoroughly recommended for hard wear. In Nude, Flesh, Sunburn, Putty, Beaver, Stone, Grey, Silver, Mole, Brown, Tan, Black or White. Price, per pair* **5/6**

Also with embroidered silk clox. Price, per pair **6/6**

Pure Silk Hose *lisle feet and garter tops, renowned Kayser make, in Nude, Beige, Fawn, Circassian, Mauresque, Sunburn, Sunset, Rachelle, Nigger, Pongee, Troeador, Grey, Pearl, Silver, Platinum, Aluminium, Cheri, Chaire, Brown, White or Black.*
Price, per pair **9/11**

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

Kingdum COLLARS

THEY are recognised for their fine white appearance—beautiful finish—long wearing qualities—comfortable fit and distinctive shapes.

There are thirty styles to choose from, made four sizes to the inch.

The double shapes have a natural Tie Groove which allows the tie to slide freely.

10½d. each—Six for 5/-

You are cordially invited to go into any of the 27 Meakers Shops and try on as many different collars as you wish without obligation.

MEAKERS

RELIABLE AS OAK

Head Branch: 37-38 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, E.C.2

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WONDERFUL VALUE IN BROCHÉ SILK VELVET

TEA FROCKS

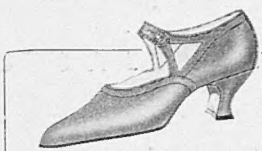
FOR PRESENT WEAR

SMART TEA FROCK (as sketch) in rich quality silk broché velvet on ninon ground, cut on simple and becoming lines with flare of georgette either side, finely gauged at waist, neck and sleeves, finished with rouleau of own material. In a variety of artistic designs and colours.

PRICE

6½ Gns.

Sent on ap'roval.



BLACK SATIN DANCE SHOE, Louis heel, a comfortable and well-fitting model.

Price **25/9** per pair.

Debenham & Freebody.

(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)

Wigmore Street, (Cavendish Square), London, W.1.

Catalogue post free.

From Rivkin's New Autumn Display

ALL who appreciate good clothes should inspect the remarkable collection of Autumn and Winter modes now being shown by Rivkin's of Oxford Street. Mr. Rivkin's knowledge of the world of fashion, which has been acquired in every capital of Europe, has combined with the genius of Miss May Chester, the famous designer, to produce a wonderful display of coats, suits, evening wraps and gowns, which will well repay a visit to the splendid new showrooms.

Country customers who wish to order by post should send for the portfolio of new designs. Money will be refunded in full to any client who is not entirely satisfied with her purchase.

Please send Postcard for the May Chester Free Portfolio.

Model No. T.M. 1099.

Coat of black satin marocain, expressing the "flared" vogue, collar, cuffs and hem trimmed with Kasha Opossum. Hip-line and cuffs outlined with corded seams. Lined throughout with fawn or green kasharette.

Price £15 15 0

Roland & Rivkin Ltd.

Sole Makers of May Chester Designs,

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123, OXFORD ROAD, ALL SAINTS, MANCHESTER,

also at 529, LORD STREET, SOUTHPORT.

Chalmers Wonderful Ranges of

Sutherland & Shetland Tweeds

—provide the handsomest of materials for Autumn Sporting Suits and Costumes. Made of Pure Shetland Wool in the natural shades in unique characteristic designs, these Tweeds are admirable for Plus-Fours, Ladies' Suits, Inverness Cloaks, Travelling Wraps, etc. :: :: Patterns Post Free.

For the proper styles and masterly handling our Tailoring Dept. is supremely efficient.

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Added Comfort, added Beauty, at no increase in price make British Fords more than ever the outstanding example of motor-car value.

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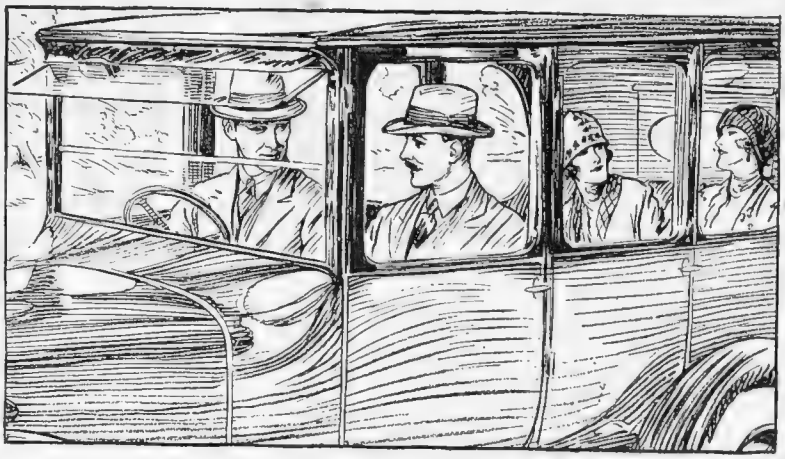

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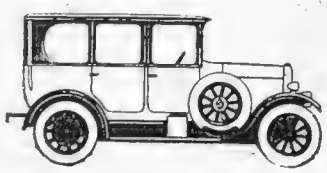

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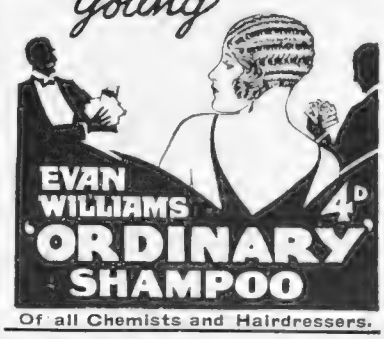

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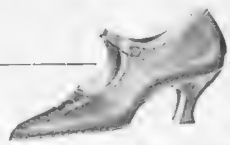

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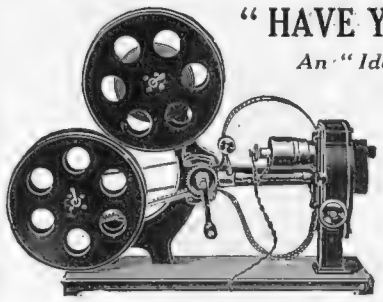

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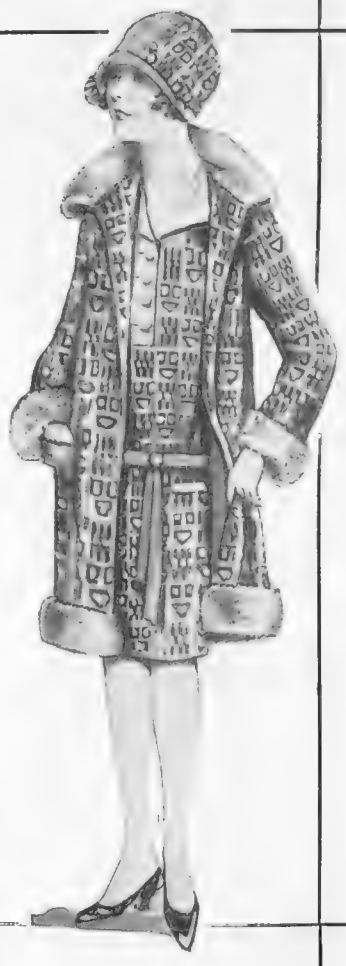

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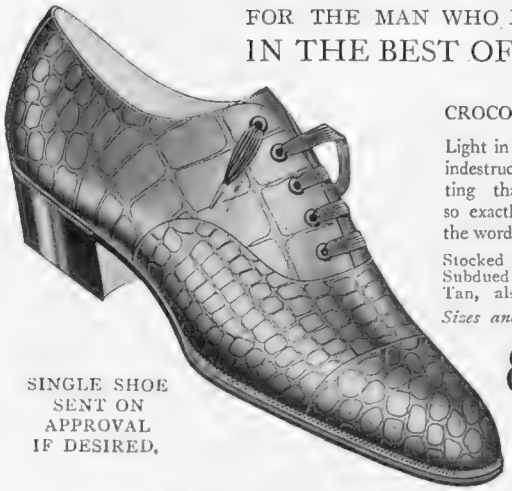

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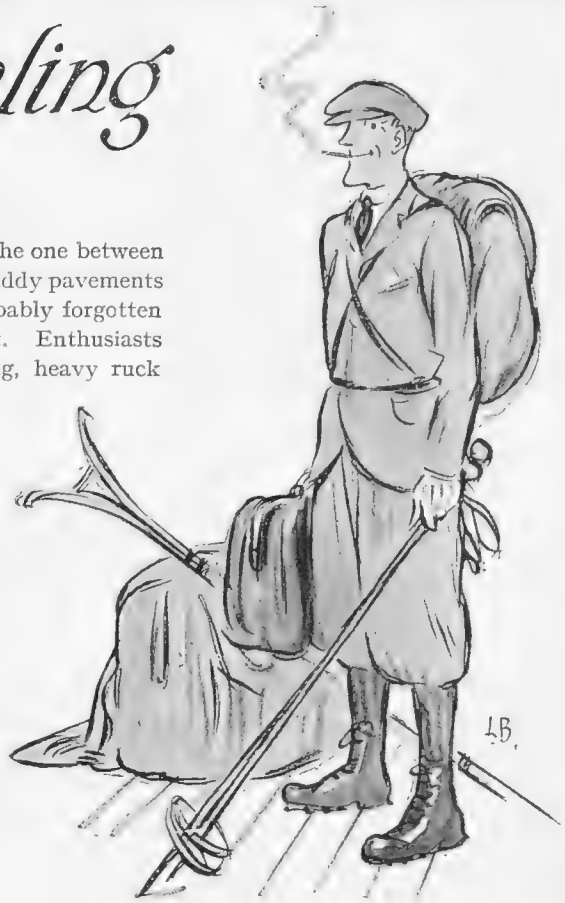
That Alpine Feeling

BY DAME KATHERINE FURZE

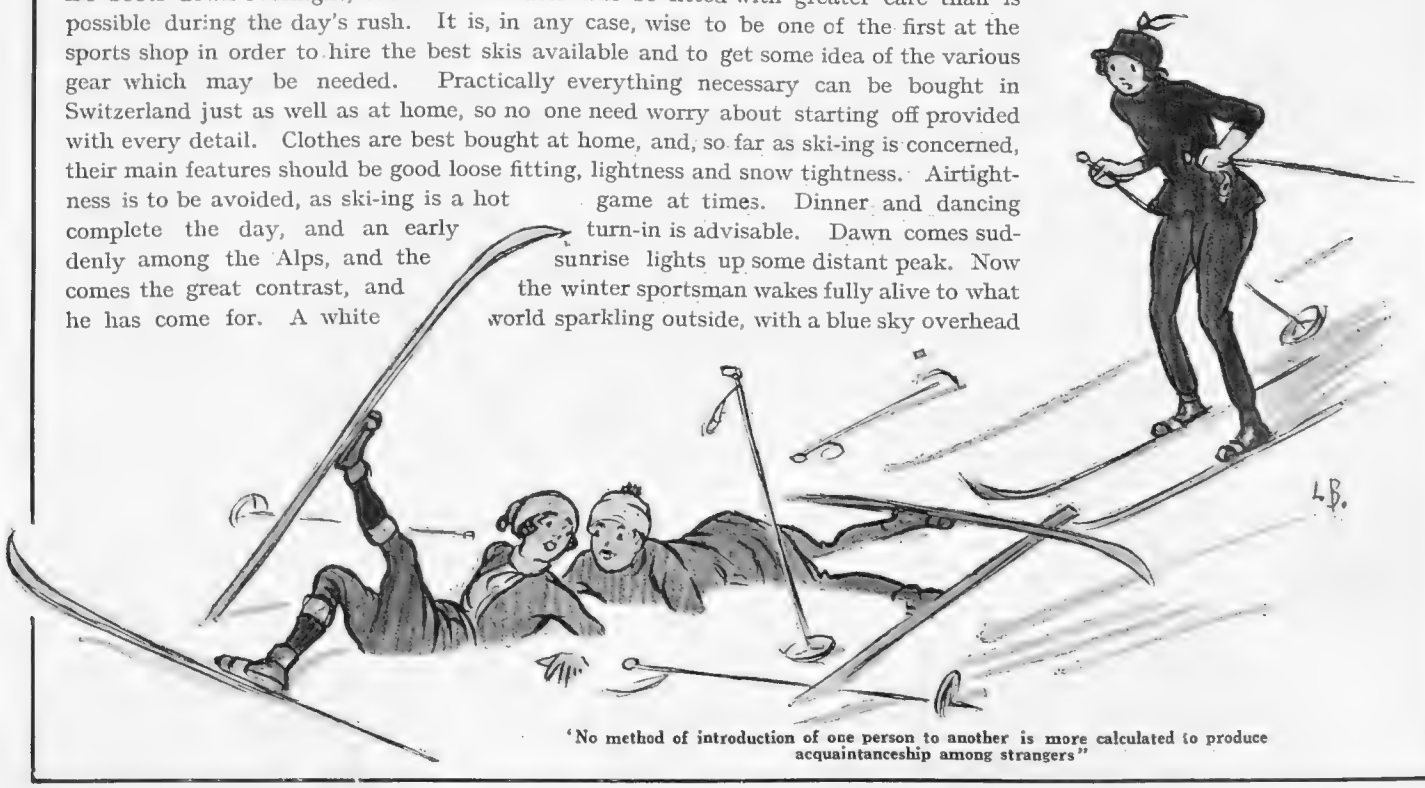
Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER



CONTRASTS add to the fun of life, and no contrast is greater than the one between England and the Alps in winter. Dark yellow fog and brown, muddy pavements in London. Victoria Station teeming with people who have probably forgotten their passports in their determination to remember their ski-ing kit. Enthusiasts who, with a view to economising on registered luggage, wear bulging, heavy ruck sacks on their backs and heavy nailed boots on their feet, while they are armed with murderous-looking sticks shod with iron spikes and odd round discs. The train starts off, and the Channel steamer accepts its passengers, pouring them finally into the Engadine or Bernese Oberland Express, where they settle down to discuss the prospects of ice and snow and whether they have a chance of winning their bonspiel or passing their skating or ski-ing tests.

NO snow at Bâle or Berne! This is dreadful. It is almost a breach of contract on the part of the railway companies. Surely the newspapers had reported at least a foot of snow in Switzerland, and should one not be able to believe everything one sees in print? Then presently the through train stops at Chur or Interlaken, and the passengers pack themselves and their gear into the narrow-gauge mountain railway carriages, which start off on their slow climb to the various centres. The aneroid shows 4,000, 5,000, 6,000 feet, and hope is reborn. At 4,000 feet there is hoar-frost on the trees and the meadows are sparkling with ice crystals. At 4,500 feet some six inches of snow promises a running surface for skis, and at 5,000 feet the promised foot of snow greets the grubby and now irritable traveller, who slips about on it when he gets to his destination. Now at last comes the triumph of the individual who has travelled in ski-ing boots and who, in his superiority, says proudly that he will walk to his hotel. The jingle of the horse's bells is very cheering as the omnibuses wend their way from the station to the brightly-lit hotels, and a few earlier arrivals who have been out ski-ing and are now on their way home to tea cause much interest and excitement, as they are a bit of the real thing.

AFTER tea and before changing for dinner the notice-board must be examined. Mysterious notices of races and tests and gymkhanas puzzle the novice, who fixes his attention on an appeal from the sports shop to the effect that if he will take his boots down overnight, his skis or skates will be fitted with greater care than is possible during the day's rush. It is, in any case, wise to be one of the first at the sports shop in order to hire the best skis available and to get some idea of the various gear which may be needed. Practically everything necessary can be bought in Switzerland just as well as at home, so no one need worry about starting off provided with every detail. Clothes are best bought at home, and, so far as ski-ing is concerned, their main features should be good loose fitting, lightness and snow tightness. Airtightness is to be avoided, as ski-ing is a hot game at times. Dinner and dancing complete the day, and an early turn-in is advisable. Dawn comes suddenly among the Alps, and the sunrise lights up some distant peak. Now comes the great contrast, and the winter sportsman wakes fully alive to what he has come for. A white world sparkling outside, with a blue sky overhead



'No method of introduction of one person to another is more calculated to produce acquaintanceship among strangers"

"Couples will be seen waltzing"

and sunlight creeping down the dark fir-woods opposite, till it succeeds in penetrating right into the valley. Or else heavy snowflakes falling ceaselessly and piling up feather-bed drifts to make the heart of the ski-runner happy and his feet itch to be up and out.

WHAT to wear? Women who have not been out before wonder whether they should really put on their trousers or breeches, or whether all the other women start the morning in skirts. They need not worry. In most places women who ski wear breeches or trousers all day. Skaters usually wear skirts, and curlers invariably do whatever they please.

SKATING is an art which needs much practice, and few games are more delightful to watch. Hockey on the ice offers something to skaters who have not sufficient patience to learn figures, and this is probably the best game in the world to look on at, as it is very fast and neat. Ice gymkhanas! Even ski-runners and curlers will sometimes give up half a day to join in these. The band plays, skaters skate, and two or more couples will be seen waltzing, and gradually others join till the whole rink is a ball-room.

MEANWHILE the curlers play on undistracted, heaving their stones from end to end of their rinks and back again. While some heave, others soop, and their sweeping would rival that of the winner in a domestic work competition. Curling has its own vocabulary, and the novice is wise who does not venture too soon to try the new language. It is undoubtedly one of the best games in the world for those who are content to stay stationary on a limited space of ice, and for those whom the silent places do not draw.

TOBOGGANING and bobbing have their excitements also. The writer remembers the thrill of flying over the bank of an ice run and plunging through the brim of a straw hat into a manure heap beyond. Also of bobbing round a corner of the Klosters Road and seeing a horse and sledge too late for the brakes, applied however hard, to pull up the bob. The horse reared up, and the bob hit the sledge beyond. The bob's riders were said to have looked like rabbits coming out of a hedge. Maybe. Those were the good old days of bobbing, when the bob-runs were post-roads and the sledge traffic was considered by the Swiss police to have more rights than the bobs. Lugeing is a tame game, only fit for off-days, but it serves its purpose when a torn tendon makes ski-ing impossible.

ON the whole, ski-running would seem to be the best and the safest game. If statistics could be produced, showing the number of casualties compared to the number of falls, the most careful of insurance offices would surely reduce their premiums for ski-runners. And what else can equal the thrill of ski-ing? At first, perhaps, it is a monotonous game. The shortest run is punctuated by innumerable full-stops, each of which entails an immense amount of disentangling and preparation before the so-called runner is in a suitable position to start "running again." People who are gifted with good balance and an unlimited supply of confidence will learn to ski quite well in a few days. Others will never learn to ski, however much they try and try again.

THE real joy of ski-ing begins when the nursery slopes are left behind and a two hours' hot climb takes one to the top of something. Then lunch and the run down in twenty minutes perhaps, without racing. Where the ski-ing is well organised, tests sort people out into different standards, and tours are planned accordingly with a guide in charge, who, carrying mending outfit and leading the best way down, takes all responsibility.

The first test is the elementary, and in some places this has become almost the most popular social event of the week. One day at Pontresina seventy-eight candidates blocked the village street waiting for the leading judge to start off. The really wily judge starts uphill, and includes a bit of thick forest in his test. The candidates are soon sorted out. The congestion at a narrow gap in a fence is indescribable, and some real beginner may block the line for ages, though those who are canny will soon circumvent the obstruction by going round. Then the first short, sharp descent, and the writhing mass of human beings trying to extricate themselves! No method of introduction of one person to another is more calculated to produce acquaintanceship among strangers.

WINTER sports at Christmastime are a rough-and-tumble of cheery, happy, careless people making the most of a fortnight's holiday. But a fortnight is too short—three weeks is better, and a month or more are really required for the full enjoyment of Alpine winter.

The best time of all is late February and early March, when the days are longer and there is almost a certainty of having plenty of snow. This is the ski-runner's paradise, a hot sun making lunch in the open a delight, and plenty of deep powder snow making running easy and safe. There are fewer people to ruin the runs with their tracks, and everyone is less busy and the hotels are less crowded. Hail Winter Sports!

Katharine Tynan

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

I Have to Admit . . .

"THEY order this matter better in France," said Lawrence Sterne on an historic occasion, and, touching the matter of Winter Sports, I have to make the reluctant admission that they order this matter better in France . . and Switzerland. They order you, for instance, a sky that is really a sky, a sun that is something like a sun, air that is air, and then some, and, above all, snow that is heaven's own snow and not two inches of brown unpleasantness. Some things we order much better in England—the green turf at Lord's, tea at Ranelagh, the frocks at Ascot, the shimmer on the river at Henley, and —may I say, above all?—the glorious muddy battle of November Rugger.

Imagine!

SWITZERLAND cannot do these things. You cannot imagine—or can you?—Hobbs hooking a short one round to square-leg over the Wetterhorn, or Cyril Tolley doing the Wengenalp in one. And Rugger as an Alpine sport! Imagine your stern full-back in his playful way seizing the opposing wing-three and hurling him into a twenty-foot snowdrift, to be retrieved by faithful St. Bernards at half-time. Imagine, on the other hand, Ice Carnivals on the Serpentine, bobsleighs scudding down Ludgate Hill, and a body of loyal and vociferous London Scots—"Soop her up, mon!"—curling in the frozen fountains of Trafalgar Square. No. There is (we have it on unimpeachable authority) a time and a place for everything.

A Sinister Conspiracy

I WILL let you into a dreadful secret. You very nearly lost your Bystander again. The poor man is marked down as the victim of a Black Hand organisation which has ramifications all over Europe. Last year a Paris taxi-bandit nearly got him. This year he almost succumbed to an even more dastardly plot. He was inveigled (by a smoothly-spoken foreigner) into a quiet ramble down the bob-run at Grindelwald on a tame luge.

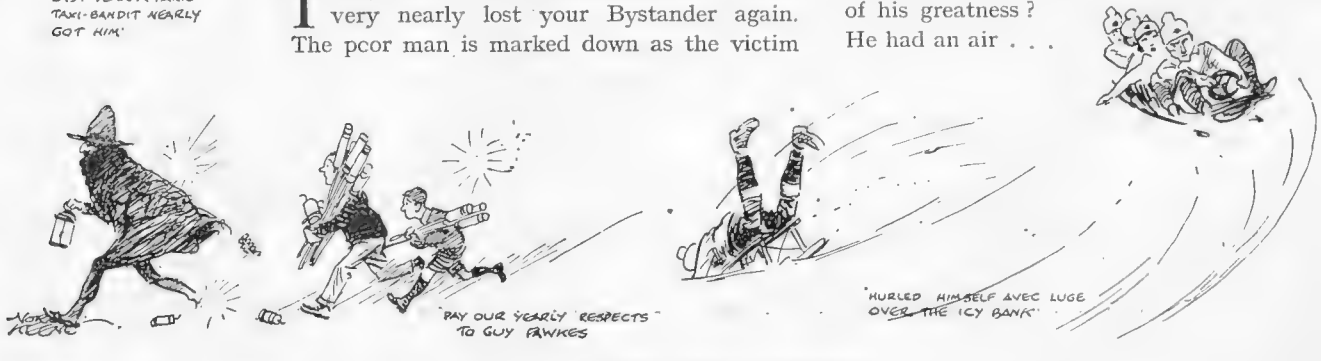
The Plot

FOR hours his comrades waited for him at the bottom. Finally, with infinite sadness in their heart, they returned to the Bear Grand Hotel to divide his possessions and write to his dear ones. Just before dinner he arrived, haggard and dishevelled. In his leisurely passage down the run, it appeared, he had been surprised by raucous yells of "Achtung, bob!"—evidently the password of the Secret Society. With matchless presence of mind he had hurled himself, *avec* luge, over the icy bank at the side, just in time to see a heavily-laden bob go hurtling by at sixty miles an hour. Then he had walked home across country. Or so he said. Sinister? What they will do to him next year I tremble to think.

A Regular Guy

ONCE more November rolls round, and we pay our yearly respects to Guy Fawkes, whose well-laid but premature schemes for a Brighter London went sadly agley. Alas, poor Guy, patron saint of jumping crackers. Like so many pioneers he was a man born before his time. And yet he is the ideal conspirator, a truly lovable character. Slouched hat, dim lantern, mysterious cloak with slim rapier peeping from beneath its folds—what more, even in a commercial age, could you want for your money? And what is the secret of his greatness?

He had an air . . .



Made and Printed in Great Britain

You Had An Air

Oh, honest, persevering Guy,
With cloak and rapier! Would that I
Had seen you as, athwart the gloom,
You stole into the catacomb,
Counting once more, with stealthy glee,
Those barrels packed with T.N.T.
You had a fine romantic air;
Plus fours, I'm sure, you did not wear.
No Tosti you—I'll wager that
You did not wear a bowler hat.
A swart slouched beaver hid your brow.
I almost think I see it now.
They caught you, but it wasn't fair,
You had an air . . . you had an air . . .

Rough Rugger

A good deal of nonsense is being talked just now about rough play on the Rugger field. I do not recollect on any of those rare occasions when I have been going for the line that any full-back had ever murmured, "After you, sir," and courteously stepped aside to let me pass. On the contrary, the back has striven to obliterate me in a conscientious and wholly praiseworthy manner. And that is as it should be. But as for intentionally foul play there is less of it in English Rugger than in any game played anywhere, not excepting croquet. I do not quite know what our critics want. Probably they would like to call upon (say) Blackheath and the Harlequins to settle their differences, not with a muddy ball, but by a referendum to a sub-committee of the League of Nations.

"THERE'S MANY A SLIP—!" By Blam

Tell Me Not

Tell me not in mortal numbers
Rugger is a brutal game.
Do we tackle our opponents?
Never be it said, for shame!
Just a word of sweet remonstrance,
Just a gentle hint, that's all;
Just a touch of moral 'suasion—
And he promptly drops the ball.
Not for us the vulgar scrimmage,
That would shock us to the soul.
You should see us, most politely,
Broadcasting a drop at goal!

Cruelty to Actors

Is there any society for the prevention of cruelty to actors? I ask this, because I see that Mr. Esme Percy's company recently gave a performance of Shaw's *Man and Superman*, lasting over six hours. Such a feat of physical endurance calls for celebration in deathless verse. Perhaps this announcement will silence those carping critics who denounce us as a physically decadent race. These actors must have been of the calibre of Arctic explorers, pioneers of Empire, walkers to Brighton, and other heroes of dauntless fortitude. Not to mention (said he in a quiet aside) those other heroes, the audience.

Worth A Trial

Lady Astor remarked the other day that it was a bad thing for a man to have an entirely docile wife. Indeed, it might be. Who can say? But as the world has lasted for six thousand—or is it sixty million?—years without the experiment having been tried, it seems a little rash of the noble lady to make so dogmatic a pronouncement. Perhaps in another sixty million years a case of an entirely docile wife may actually arise and then we shall be able to judge for ourselves.

From Its Ashes

I see that the indefatigable Phœnix Society is shortly to begin its winter season by resurrecting Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*, a play which, though by no means perfect, is full of strong drama and haunting poetry. It contains some of the finest blank verse in the English language, notably the passage on Helen of Troy, beginning:

> Is this the face that wrecked a thousand ships
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilion?

Incidentally, it also contains what is probably the worst:

> Pythagoras' metempsychosis . . .

I say, probably the worst, but I ought, in all fairness, to state that I read very little modern poetry.

"Colonels"

Methuen's, the publishers, are bringing out a book which is Mr. H. M. Bateman's latest "dig" at the Army, in which he depicts not the Colonel of the parade ground and orderly room, but the Colonel in his hours of ease and leisure. There is even a drawing of him in bed! Incidentally, the originals of these amsuing satires are being exhibited at the Sporting Gallery, 32, King Street, Covent Garden. An exhibition of Mr. Gilbert Holiday's equine studies, entitled "Horses and Guns" is also on view here, so there is quite a military atmosphere about the Sporting Gallery in these days.

Another Balkanic Eruption

BY E. T. REED

GREECE: "'League of Nations,' indeed! What a kill-joy you are! Man alive, let's fight it out in the *natural, gentlemanly* way, and leave our executors to discuss the rights and wrongs of it in bad French—afterwards!"

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

At York Cottage

THE King and Queen have had a quiet time at York Cottage, broken only by their unexpected visit to Newmarket and the Queen's going to King's Lynn for a hospital function. There have been daily visits to Sandringham to Queen Alexandra, and much going to and fro between York Cottage and Appleton House, where the Queen of Norway is staying until King Haakon comes over to take her back to what used to be called Christiania—I never can remember the new name—for Christmas.

A RIDING LESSON IN THE ROW *R. G. Nichols*

The granddaughters of the Begum of Bhopal, who is now visiting England, photographed in the Row. The group shows: Rabia Sultan (left), Capt. Work, Safeda Sultan, Colonel Ottley and Abida Sultan

G. P. U.

AT THE SAVOY CHAPEL

Lord Holmpatrick and Lady Edina Ainsworth leaving the Savoy Chapel after their marriage last week. Lady Holmpatrick is a sister of the Marquess Conyngham

The Duke and Duchess of York

SINCE the Duke and Duchess of York returned to White Lodge, the Duke has been very busy and full of journeyings. He dashed up to Lambton Castle for one night to stay with Lord Durham for an engagement nearby, and then off to Norwich for another function. Unfortunately, the Duchess was unable to accompany him on either occasion, as she has been laid up with a cold, and for once was persuaded to consider herself and her health rather than the disappointment her absence would create in the North and at Norwich.

The Queen of Spain

TIME and the Spanish sun do not affect the exquisite fairness of the Queen of Spain, and despite her long journey Her Majesty was in radiant looks when she arrived at Victoria for her visit to Princess Beatrice at Kensington Palace. Princess Beatrice's apartment there, however, is not very large, and Queen Ena's lady and gentleman-in-waiting had to be lodged in a neighbouring hotel.

A Queen-Mother's Task

ONE hears very little in these days of Queen Maria Cristina, the Queen-Mother of Spain. Yet, but for her, it is doubtful whether Spain would be a monarchy to-day. Born an Austrian Archduchess, when she was twenty-one she married, as his second wife, Alfonso XII, the son of that astonishing old lady, Queen Isabella, who had been dethroned and exiled from Spain. Her husband had undermined his health in a prolonged and tempestuous sowing of wild oats, and six years after her marriage Queen Maria Cristina was a widow and Regent of Spain for her elder daughter, the

P. and A.

IN THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

Prince George Imeretinsky and his bride, Miss Avril Mullens, during the wedding ceremony at the Russian Church, Buckingham Palace Road, last week An English ceremony was performed the following day at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Sport and General

A DECEMBER WEDDING

Capt. Robert Grosvenor, the only son of Lord and Lady Arthur Grosvenor, and Miss Doris Wignall, whose wedding is to take place on December 9th, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. During the War Capt. Grosvenor served with the Royal Air Force

Sport and General

CAPTAIN AND MRS. LEYLAND (left) and MRS. BETHELL

Sport and General

MRS. YOUNGER (left) WITH MRS. ELLIOTT AND MRS. COWAN

Infanta Mercedes, who was proclaimed Queen. But her reign was brief, for six months later the present King of Spain was born.

This was forty years ago. Spain at that time seemed on the brink of revolution, and the eyes of Europe were fixed upon the widowed Queen and her three little children. It seemed impossible that this young woman of twenty-seven, a foreigner and brought up in the reactionary atmosphere of the Hapsburg Court, could have the necessary knowledge of statecraft or the skill to contend with the warring factors about the throne.

A Remarkable Woman

ISABELLA OF SPAIN had brought the prestige of the Spanish monarchy literally to the gutter. Before she was driven from Madrid her *amours* had become so public that they had even ceased to be a scandal. Her son, Alfonso XII, had done little or nothing to remove the tarnish from the Crown. Added to this the country was torn between rival political factions, and, further still, Queen Maria Cristina was faced with the possibility of a civil war which the adherents of Don Carlos, the "legitimist" pretender to the Throne, were endeavouring to bring about.

It was said openly that no woman, especially an inexperienced woman, could steer the ship of State through such troubled waters. But Queen Maria Cristina developed unexpected powers of statesmanship. Where firmness was needed, she was firm—with her the Hapsburg chin had not run to weakness. Where conciliation was required, she was conciliatory. But perhaps the most effectual link in the gradual drawing together of the contending factions was her amazing ability in suppressing any indication of her own personal feelings towards parties or persons. This ability was all the more remarkable because it was the antithesis of Hapsburg training and Hapsburg political policy.

British Illus.

LORD HADDINGTON AND MISS RITCHIE

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

Some prominent personalities at the United Border Hunt Steeplechases and Hurdle Races held recently on the Kelso Racecourse. First and second "favourites" had good fortune on the first day

Even the disastrous war with America in which Spain lost Cuba—the last of her once vast Colonial possessions—did not shake the position Queen Maria Cristina had created for the Throne, and when she handed over the reins of Government to her son, King Alfonso XIII, the Monarchy had a prestige unknown for nearly a hundred years. In future history books Queen Maria Christina will be numbered amongst the world's remarkable women rulers.

A New-Found Liberty

I HEAR from Turin that the Prince of Piedmont, the heir to the Italian Throne, is thoroughly enjoying the liberty his twenty-first birthday has given him. He delights in going out shopping all alone without equerry or aide-de-camp in attendance. He is quartered with his regiment at Turin, and has been given an apartment in the Royal Palace there, which I am told he has furnished and arranged with exquisite taste.

We all remember the practically definite statements made as to a marriage between the Prince of Piedmont and Princess José of Belgium. So far it has only been a matter of newspaper statement, and your Bystander thinks it will probably remain at that. The reason he thinks so is that Princess José went to Racconigi for the wedding of Princess Mafalda—the two are devoted friends—to Prince Philip of Hesse, and it was noticed that the Prince of Piedmont took no particular notice of her.

And here's another little *on dit* for you about that wedding. The bridegroom's parents, Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse, did not go to Italy for the ceremony because Princess Frederick Charles insisted on her precedence as daughter of the Emperor Frederick and sister of the ex-Kaiser. The Italian Court stiffened its back, and very rightly. She was informed she could only be given the precedence of the bridegroom's mother,

Sport and General

THE DUCHESS OF ROXBURGHE AND COL. TAYLOR

WITH THE GUNS IN HERTFORDSHIRE *Sport and General*

A photograph of Major R. Bennett Sidebottom's shooting party at Rothamsted. The group includes: Sir Arthur Cory-Wright, Col. Wilkinson, the Hon. Mrs. Bennett Sidebottom, Air-Marshal Sir John Salmond, the Hon. Lady Salmond, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Don-Wauchope, Air-Vice-Marshal Sir Geoffrey Salmond, Lady Salmond and the host

and as the Imperial honours she desired were refused, she stayed at home. Typically Hohenzollern.

Living Inside the Mitre

THE attitude of the Hohenzollerns to their departed Imperial dignity reminds me of a witty saying of one of our English Princesses about a friend of hers, the wife of a Bishop, whose husband's dignity had gone to her head and very badly.

The Bishop's lady had interfered in a very difficult and delicate situation, and in the name of the Bishop! I can't go into the details. I can only tell you that the English Princess was appealed to. She said:

"Don't worry any more. Leave it to me. I will talk to ———. You see, poor dear, ever since ——— was made a Bishop she's lived inside the mitre!"

And that's the trouble with the Hohenzollerns. They've all lived inside the Imperial crown.

A Lover of Islands

MR. COMPTON MACKENZIE, the novelist, seems to have an absorbing passion for islands. For years he lived and did most of his work at Capri. Then he bought the island of Herm which the Government confiscated from the late Prince Blücher when the War broke out. Prince Blücher had a serious difference of opinion with the ex-Kaiser and after speaking some winged and remarkably pointed words to the then "All-Highest," shook the dust of Germany off his feet, bought the island of Herm, settled upon it, and bred kangaroos.

Although Prince Blücher's sympathy with England was widely known he was still a German subject, and the proximity of Herm to the French coast made its possession even by an open enemy of the ex-Kaiser a matter of danger. So the Prince was ordered to depart, and the island was confiscated. I don't know what happened to the kangaroos. I never heard of Mr. Mackenzie "taking them on" as it were.

Now Mr. Mackenzie has gone to the Outer Hebrides for another island. But this time, I understand, he has bought more than one, in fact, a group called the Shiants, half way between Skye and Lewis and part of the late Lord Leverhulme's possessions in those parts. Lord Leverhulme, you will remember, bought the island of Lewis with the intention of making it a big fishery centre, but the islanders thought otherwise, so his philanthropic venture was not a success.

Mr. Mackenzie certainly won't be troubled by chance visitors, for the Shiants are some of the loneliest places on that wide stretch of loneliness, the Outer Hebrides.

News Illus.

WEATHERING THE WEATHER

Lord Huntingdon, with his sister, Lady Rowena Paterson, at the Nottingham races. The meeting was notable for its big fields, and alas, its bad weather!

A CARD GAME *News Illus.*

Capt. Mather Jackson and Mrs. Gordon Foster discussing racing—and, apparently, pencil-tips at the Nottingham races. The rain succeeded in damping the course, if not the ardour of the spectators

Graves in Gardens

MR. E. F. BENSON in *Mother*, the memoir he has written of the late Mrs. Benson, tells us that his brother, the

FIELD EXERCISES

Some of those who attended the Dorset Retriever Field Trial Society's meeting at Milton Abbey. The group shows: Mr. Preston (left), Mrs. J. Hastings, Mr. J. Hastings, Captain Henning, Mrs. Henning, and Mr. T. Eccles

A TRIO OF FOLLOWERS

Mr. Hambury (left), Miss Evitts and Miss Partridge, who were among the field at the Christ Church Beagles' recent meet at Bletchington

late Monsignor Hugh Benson, when he died directed that he should be buried in his garden. Hugh Benson was by no means alone in his desire. Last year, Lord Nunburnholme was buried in the gardens at Warter Priory, where his father, Charles Wilson, the great shipowner and the first baron, was buried seventeen years previously.

Then last year, too, the late Mr. E. S. Montagu, whose period of office as Secretary of State for India roused so much discussion, brother of Lord Swaythling, was buried in the garden of his beautiful old Elizabethan house, Breccles Hall, at Attleborough. Lord Savile's first wife is buried in the garden at Rufford Abbey. Most families have their vault in the church of the village near which their property is situated, but the Strafford family have their burying-place in the park at Wrotham, near Barnet. The late Duke of Sutherland was buried at Dunrobin, in a beautiful spot overlooking the sea.

Photographs *Alfieri*

WITH THE WEST KENT

Mrs. Walter Styles at a recent meet of the West Kent Hounds, at Penshurst. She is a sister-in-law of the Master, Miss Kathleen Styles

Two Engagements

AMONGST the engagements recently announced, two are what is called "interesting." One, that of Mr. Gerald Verney to Miss Joyce Smith, touches the Court. The bridegroom-to-be is in the Grenadiers, and is the son of Mr. Harry Verney, the Queen's private secretary and one of the King's grooms-in-waiting, and of Lady Joan Verney, a Woman of the Bedchamber to the Queen. He is likewise a second-cousin of Lord Lascelles, his mother being Lord Harewood's niece. His mother's sister, Lady Sybil Scott, you will remember, lent the beautiful Villa Medici at Florence to Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles for part of their honeymoon.

The bride-to-be also has a connection with the Court. She is the daughter of Mr. Vivian and Lady Sybil Smith, and, consequently, granddaughter of Louisa, Countess of Antrim, who for many years has been Lady of the Bedchamber to Queen Alexandra. Mr. Vivian and Lady Sybil Smith, whose sister-in-law, Mrs. Angus McDonnell, is a daughter of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the dramatist, have a delightful house in Lennox Gardens. Their country house, Squerreyes Court, at Westerham, in Kent, belonged for many generations to the Wardes. Lady Sybil's brother, Lord Antrim, has a small house not many miles away at Cowden, rejoicing in the name of Friendly Green, and at Westerham itself Mr. Winston Churchill is their near neighbour.

The Second One

THE second engagement unites the premier earldom on the Union Roll of Scotland, that of Crawford, with the dukedom of Devonshire. The Earl of Crawford's heir, Lord Balniel, is going to marry Miss Mary Cavendish, third daughter of Lord Richard Cavendish, brother of the Duke of Devonshire.

Lord Richard Cavendish, who married a step-sister of the Duke of St. Albans, was left Holker Hall, in the Cartmel district of Lancashire, by his uncle, the late Duke of Devonshire, best remembered as the Marquis of Hartington. Holker originally belonged to the Prestons, an old Lancashire family. It went with a Preston heiress to a Lowther, who left it to a son of the third Duke of Devonshire in the eighteenth century.

It is a delightful place, but narrowly escaped destruction by fire some fifty years ago. Then the south wing, in which the principal rooms were situated, was entirely destroyed within three hours, with all its contents of family portraits, statuary,

valuable furniture, and treasures of all kinds. The greatest loss was a huge stained-glass window on the staircase, showing all the arms and quarterings of the Prestons, Lowthers and Cavendishes and the families allied to them by marriage. It was the armorial history of the three owners of the house. No other such window was said to exist.

When the Cavendishes first went to Holker the roads were so narrow and full of ruts that the carriage in which they came from London or Chatsworth could only be driven to within four miles of the house and that after being dragged over the sands of a wide estuary. Arrived at the limit of the passable road, the great carriage was put into an old barn, and there it remained until the master of Holker wanted to go South again. The intervening four miles were travelled in a "small four-wheel and partially covered curricle, drawn by one horse on which a postilion rode." This vehicle was very narrow so that it could pass through the lanes. It only held one person, so if several people arrived by the great carriage the "curricle" had to make several journeys to and fro between Holker Hall and the barn. And yet there are still people who belaud "the good old days."

A CUBBING OCCASION *Topical*

Miss M. Walton (left), Mr. MacIlwaine, and Mrs. Walton at a recent cubbing meet of the Whaddon Chase at Little Horwood

MRS. BACHE-HAY *Poole, Waterford*

Who is a keen follower of the Grafton, photographed at a recent meet

A Boon for Poor Officers

Poor naval and military officers, both on the active or retired list, will benefit considerably by the death of Mrs. Henry Bourke. Her husband, a son of the fifth Lord Mayo, made a large fortune on the Stock Exchange, something like half a million. He died about fourteen years ago. His will directed that after his wife's death £200,000 should be spent upon a residential club for Naval and Military officers whose income is between £50 and £150 a year. He further directed that the club shou'd be called the Bourke Naval and Military Club. But £200,000 won't go so far to-day as it did when Mr. Henry Bourke made his will.

LADY DALKEITH *Ian Smith*

Photographed when out with the Buccleuch Hunt at Minto House in Roxburghshire

FOLLOWERS OF THE BRAMHAM MOOR *Poole, Waterford*

Vice-Admiral H. D. Wilkin and Mrs. Wilkin, of Wetherby Grange, Yorkshire, at a recent run of the Bramham Moor

SNOWMANIA. *Cantata Libretto by "Outan' Bach"*

OPENING CHORUS:

SEEKING sun and snow
Forward we go;
Spirits agog,
Fleeing the fog;
Dodging the rain,
We dash for the train;
Victoria—Pullman for Dover.
Now for the crossing.
In for a tossing?
Or a glass-smooth Channel
Like painted panel?
Salt-spray in the air;
What do we care?
It's (in any case) very soon over.
The French Railway *Nord*
—It has done it before—
Will whirl us away
To Paris the gay.
The Railway *de l'Est*
—It knows the way best—
Will deposit us over the border.
In snug *salon-lits*
We'll slumber at ease
Till our train-wheels glide
By a blue lake-side,
And daylight shines
In a land of pines
And the *chalets*, like toys, stand in order.

TENOR SOLO: *Mountain Trains.*

I wish I were a mountain train
(Rattische or B.O.B.);
I'd spurn the flat and lowly plain
And scale the heights with glee;
I'd wriggle gaily round each peak
And dive into each tunnel,
Playing a game of hide-and-seek
With my own blessed funnel.

A mountain train has crooked ways,
Whereas the strict funicular
An upright character displays—
In fact, quite perpendicular;
But let me leave the level ground
Without false haste or push
And play my game of Round and Round
The Mountain Mulberry Bush.
In short, I'd be a perfect devil;
You'd never find me on the level!

CHORUS OF SPORTS CENTRES:

Some admirers have confessed a
Kindly weakness for the Cresta,

Photograph *A. S. A.*

A TURN OF SPEED

Ski-ing near Wengern Alp with the Eiger as a background

Where the pilgrims to St. Moritz wend.
And a moiety are keener
On the joys of Pontresina,
Whilst Grindelwald has many a friend.
And whether the allurin'
Charms of Wengen or of Mürren
Have captured you and seized you by the hand,
You will be obliged to hearken
To the call of Interlaken
Ere you leap up to the Oberland.
From Lausanne you jump, you know,
Up to Château d'Oex or Caux
(The Swiss Federal your travelling will fix);
While the P.L.M. *rapide*
Whisks you off at lightning speed
To fair Mégève or snow-clad Chamonix.

* * * * *

Which will you visit, which leave on the shelf?
Sample us all and choose for yourself.

FINALE:

Come away, come away, and see the sun,
You haven't seen one till to-day;
You haven't seen snow, and you've never breathed air,
At least not the air that we'll give you there—
A regular '06 champagne affair!
So come—come away, come away!

Ready for the Run

Sport and General

MISS MARY CAVENDISH

Daughter of Lord Richard and Lady Moyra Cavendish, starting out for a day's ski-ing. Her engagement to Lord Balniel, M.P., elder son of the Earl and Countess of Crawford and Balcarres, was recently announced

ALPINE TYPES

The Skier

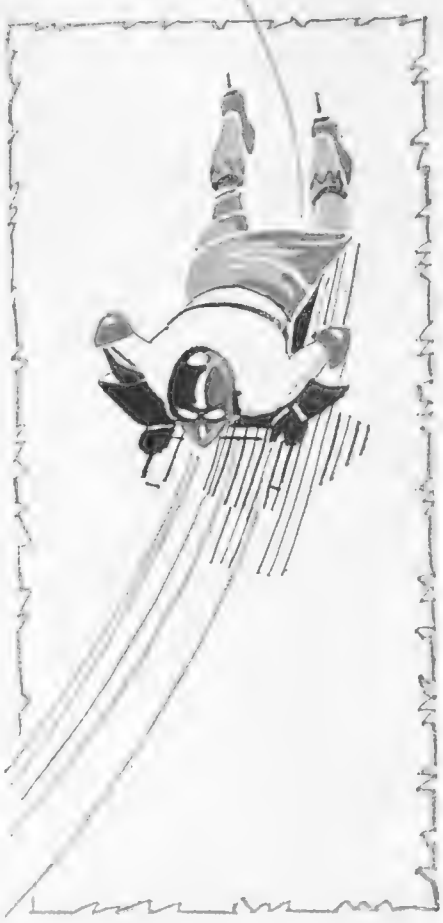
THOSE winged heels of Mercury's
Less swiftly spurned the ground than his;
He rushes in devoid of dread
Where ski-less angels fear to tread;
His fairest dreams, his fondest hopes
Are centred on hair-raising slopes,
And here's his motto: None there be
So blind as those who will not ski!

The Skaters

LIKE wind-wafted feather
Or swallow in flight
If they hang together,
Like wind-wafted feather,
Whatever the weather,
They'll keep up all right;
Like wind-wafted feather
Or swallow in flight.

The Curler

SCOTS wha hae the granite hur-r-led,
Scots wha in their cradles cur-r-led
Here's the best game in the wor-r-ld—
Tae beat the band.
Swiftly sweep away the snow;
Soop her! Soop her! On ye go
As if bawbees were hid below—
Mon, it's grand!



The Speed Fiend

ON slender steel-shod skeleton
I make a sudden sally;
No missile from quick-firing gun
Flies swifter down the valley.
Scudding adown o'er ice and snow,
The Speed-God is my master;
For men may come and men may go,
But I go . . . a darned sight faster.

VERSES BY A. A. THOMSON *ILLUSTRATED BY B.U.D. PERMANT*

PROSPECTS OF THE WINTER SPORTS SEASON

"THE prospects of the Season?" said a well-known Swiss hotel magnate, when I asked for his opinions on the coming winter sports season. "Damn good; in fact they have never been better." And when a Swiss hotel-keeper, or for the matter of that, *any* hotel-keeper, admits that he is satisfied, there must be very material grounds for his contentment.

But what we are most concerned with here is not whether the proprietors of Alpine palaces are going to "rent" their bathrooms at a premium this winter: the important point is to know what is going to happen to the person who pays.

To the world at large the name St. Moritz is synonymous with "Winter Sports." There are hundreds of other places where this delightful pastime is practised, but none has quite the same *cachet*, or, perhaps, such unbounded possibilities.

Everybody goes to St. Moritz,

"AND SO HOME"

The return to the Hotel from an outing on skis in the sunshine of Mégève

whether it is to display the latest *chef-d'œuvre* of the Rue de la Paix, or to indulge in the more serious business of trying to beat the record on the Cresta, that nightmare ice-track which at the same time both fascinates and repels.

This "Suicide Club," as it is sometimes called, will hold its Grand National in the second half of February, about which time the Bobbers' "Derby" will be run. The horse races on the frozen lake, a spectacle unique in Europe, are scheduled for the first week of the same month. The Christmas ski meeting on the Julier leap is the first important event in this domain, while the hockey "fans" will open the season with a series of matches in which

"EN COURSE"

A ski-ing party pause during a *course* on the snowy slopes near St. Croix-Les Rasses in the Juras

Oxford, Cambridge and the London Lions are engaged. Another interesting feature will be the Universities ski races on January 16, when Britishers will have to meet some of the best Swiss, German, and Italian teams.

It is not in the province of this article to deal with purely indoor events, but as a concession to the non-athletic it should be said that entertainments at the "Big Five," as the Grand, Kulm, Palace, Suvretta, and Carlton are known, will surpass in magnificence anything yet staged at these establishments.

"WELL AWAY"

A luge and its crew going full speed ahead down the luge run at Caux

Davos, the skaters' paradise, has again a very heavy programme of skating and ski-ing events, while the more modest Klosters begins the season early with jumping competitions on December 15. Arosa specialises in ice festivals, the first of which is to be held between January 3 and 17. The "Bob" championships will commence on February 2. The Swiss Ski Association is organising courses of instruction at Engelberg about Christmastime, when the Anglo-Swiss curling cups will also be played for. Several important ski meetings are provided for on the new jump which was built last year.

Across the Brünig, Mürren, the Mecca of all 'Varsity men, claims

THE GRAND HOTEL AT MONTREUX-TERRITET

A "jumping-off place" for several of the winter sports centres

A STAR "TURN" *W. Gabi*

Viscount Knebworth and Mr. J. C. Carleton, both well known in ski-ing circles, practising turns on the Wengen slopes

FATHER AND SON *Topical*

Sir John Latta with his son Cecil, both keen followers of winter sports, are waylaid by the photographer on the ice

first attention. As a preliminary to the famous Roberts of Kandahar Ski Cup, run for early in January, we are promised a series of inter-'Varsity hockey matches, which will bring some of the world's best teams together. Wengen, on the opposite side of the valley, has jumped right into the limelight again, and the progressive Kurverein director has worthily responded with an almost bewildering programme of good things. Notable amongst these are: the Hewitt Curling Cup on January 13; Anglo-Swiss Shooting Match, January 16; Wengen Gold Skate, January 20; and the Swiss Ski Championships, February 13-14.

To describe the attractions of Grindelwald is to paint the lily, so if any painting is required we can safely leave it to those "bad boys" of the curling ilk, whose lurid exploits both in and out of doors, fully justifies their title. Nevertheless, it will be a very good team which deprives the Bad Boys of the curlers' blue riband this winter.

In addition to quite excellent ski-ing, and horse steeplechases on snow, Gstaad on the Montreux Oberland specialises in a new kind of tobogganing known as the Nevada. There will be a sled race on the Nevada on January 3, when you will be able to cram more emotions into a few short minutes than will probably agree with you. The Earl Beatty Ski Race is down for decision the last week in January.

Experts say that Château d'Oex has the best ice in the Alps. In any case it has a particularly British atmosphere, which probably explains why so many English families spend the winter here. From Christmas onward the curlers ply their roarin' trade, and at times one wonders if this is really Switzerland or a crowded tarn in the Highlands. Les Avants, further down the line, was a resort when many of its more pretentious rivals were unborn. Caux, likewise on the opposite bluff, can "hand it" to many in point of view of longevity. It is a place frequented by the best people, *best* in this case being those who go to the Alps at the call of Nature, not at the dictates of fashion.

Down on the lake side, only a stone's throw away, is the Grand at Territet, the G.H.Q. of those who, while unwilling to eschew all the delights of town and Kursaal life, like to know they can get their winter sport when they want it. Life is also very gay, and sport very good at Villars, in the Rhone Valley.

And if you are looking for a really enjoyable holiday, with plenty of wholesome fun and freedom from convention, make a mental note of Les Rasses in the Juras. It has a skating competition on December 22, Annual Ski Meeting on

A. Couttet

MR. H. G. A. MACKIE

H.M. Consul-General at Paris, practises his edges on the great ice-rink at Chamonix-Mont Blanc

Sport and General

STARTING OUT

Sir Geoffrey and Lady Watson, both of whom are at St. Moritz this season, ready for a ski-ing expedition

January 3, and other interesting events. In conclusion, a word of advice to the uninitiated. Both the Swiss Federal Railways in London, and the Swiss Tourist Office at Zurich, will furnish free of charge, complete information of how, when, and where to go to the winter sports.

H. Challinor James

WHILE, for obvious reasons, the greater number of winter sports centres are in Switzerland, the winter sports centres of France are gaining an ever-increasing popularity. Chief among them, of course, is Chamonix, at the very foot of Mont Blanc. The great *Semaine des Bobsleighs* is to open in February, and many "aces" have been invited to participate. The other arrangements for this winter season are also well in hand, and visitors to the famous French centre will find every

Sport and General

ON THE RINK

Sir George Lewis, with one of his daughters, out for their morning turn on the ice. Sir George and Lady Lewis are staying at St. Moritz this winter

opportunity of taking part in their favourite sports, either on the ice or on the snow.

At Mégève one may usually count on the snow staying down right until the end of March. This is a particularly attractive feature of this resort. The out-of-door programme is, as usual, fully organised, and those who wish to pass the evenings

Sport and General

A DEVOTEE OF THE ROARIN' GAME

Mr. E. W. Janson photographed on the curling rink at St. Moritz. He is visiting the great centre this season

amusingly will find ample opportunities to do so at the Hôtel du Mont d'Arbois. Near to Mégève, the Grand Hôtel at Combloux is to open its doors this season, thus providing further accommodation for the *fervents*.

Visitors to the Vosges may also indulge in winter sports. The centre for this region of France is Gérardmer, which has a following quite its own.

To those who wish to go still further afield the Pyrenees offer unique opportunities for winter sports. In this mountain range there are two resorts which specialise in winter sports. At Font-Romeu there are excellent ski-ing slopes, and first-rate hotel accommodation is available for visitors. The vistas across the mountains from this station are superb, and make a visit well worth while even for those who do not indulge in the sports themselves. At Superbagnères an attractive winter sports programme has also been drawn up, and visitors may count confidently on enjoying their favourite amusements under ideal conditions. A pleasant holiday may also be spent at Cauterets in this district. Every care is taken to cater for the comfort and amusement of visitors, and the hotels are of the first grade. All these centres are well served by the Orléans-Midi Railway.

Ice Sport

BY
YVE. M. RANKINE

ICE HOCKEY—
OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE
AT ST. MORITZ

To the skater ice sport is skating, but to the devotees of "Scotland's ain game," curling is "the thing."

Rapid motion is a joy to most people, therefore skating appeals to every age.

Exhibition skating is dancing brought to the finest point, as progressive motion is added to dancing movements.

Even the novice on skates soon finds excitement in cutting through the air, while as progress advances the ideals to be reached are realised and ambition spurs on the efforts.

So seldom is there skating out-of-doors in Britain that multitudes of people go yearly to the Alps, where warm sunshine and absence of wind make ideal conditions.

There are two methods of figure-skating—the international or free style and the so-called "English" school, which is a stiff ungainly mode, the aim of which is to appear as rigid as a block of wood.

It seems a pity that these skaters have renounced the tall hats and frock coats which were correct attire of old, as it enhanced the Cubist impression!

PAUL KACKOW, PROFESSIONAL CHAMPION, AT ST. MORITZ

The popular free style is seen most frequently, and gives infinite pleasure both to onlooker and performer.

Originality, grace and rhythm have unlimited scope, so that early in the career a beginner may learn to move to music. Form must be carefully studied, and correct tracing on the ice will come if bodily control is methodically practised. There are three most common faults, namely, watching the feet, using the arms incorrectly, and bending the body at the waist. This applies to figure-skating; for hockey on the ice, speed and activity are the chief assets.

Hockey and Bandy are very similar games, but there are differences, on the merits of which skilled players disagree.

The usual harum-scarum game, played by mixed teams in Switzerland, is full of joyful experience for the novice. A clever land hockey player will find a new world to conquer; the inability to hit a puck lying three yards off before a speedy opponent twenty yards away dashes in is a humiliating lesson. The futility of the push the puck receives when struck, and the hardness of the ice when the player falls on the back of the head after the shot still leave room for wonder. A few hours' play will explain these difficulties, and enable the beginner to grasp the rudiments of the game.

Curling holds a position of its own among national games, and grips the players in a manner difficult to explain.

(Continued on page 372)

AN ICE GYMKHANA AT WENGEN

Most of the Game—at Mürren

Photographs] A LOOKER-ON'S VIEW OF SKI-RACES AT MÜRREN *[Sport and General*

We are, of course, accustomed to the black-capped professional and the looks we get from time to time of his big leap on the prepared run of an International Competition. But the above pictures, taken in an ordinary Winter Sports Contest, show some of the thrills that are all part of the day's work for the good amateur ski-er

KATIE SCHMIDT AND NICHOLSON, THE PROFESSIONALS FROM THE GRAND HOTEL, ST. MORITZ

LUNCH ON THE ICE RINK AT GRAND HOTEL, ST. MORITZ. THE WAITERS AS WELL AS THE LUNCHERS ARE ON SKATES

It is rightly called the roarin' game; even the mildest-tempered Sassenach will yell vitriolic Scotticisms at his men. The curling brotherhood's enthusiasm knows no bounds. When a Scotch team from Villars won the Jackson Cup at Grindelwald in February, 1925, three hundred people in fancy dress, all carrying lighted Chinese lanterns, headed by the local band, met them on their return with the trophy. Such a scene was proof-positive that Britishers do not take their pleasures sadly. When the cup had been passed round after being filled with champagne, the songs and cheers might have been heard by Mont Blanc.

Endless are the amusements upon ice. Waltzing competitions are popular, and gymkhanas cause much mirth. To waltz it is necessary to be able to skate on the outside edge forwards and backwards, and to execute a turn called a "drop three."

Occasionally there is a tragic accent on the "drop," but with a skilled partner and a keen sense of dancing it is possible to learn to waltz in one season.

Gymkhanas are enjoyed by everybody: those that skate and fall, and those that wait and see. There are many and various competitions, such as shovel races, luge polo, blindfold driving races over a zig-zag course marked out by champagne bottles, and dozens of similar events.

The management of most Swiss hotels give prizes with a lavish hand, and it is rarely that even the tyro returns home without some sort of "pot."

Y. M. R.

THE ICE RINK AT GSTAAD

"Stand by Everybody, for Big Ben and Weather Report"

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

The care-free attitude of an enthusiastic Alpine listener-in "standing-by" during a Swiss season when snow happened to be scarce

The Skier's Tragedy
by A. A. Thomson.

AN ELIZABETHAN FRAGMENT

HAMLET.

HORATIO.

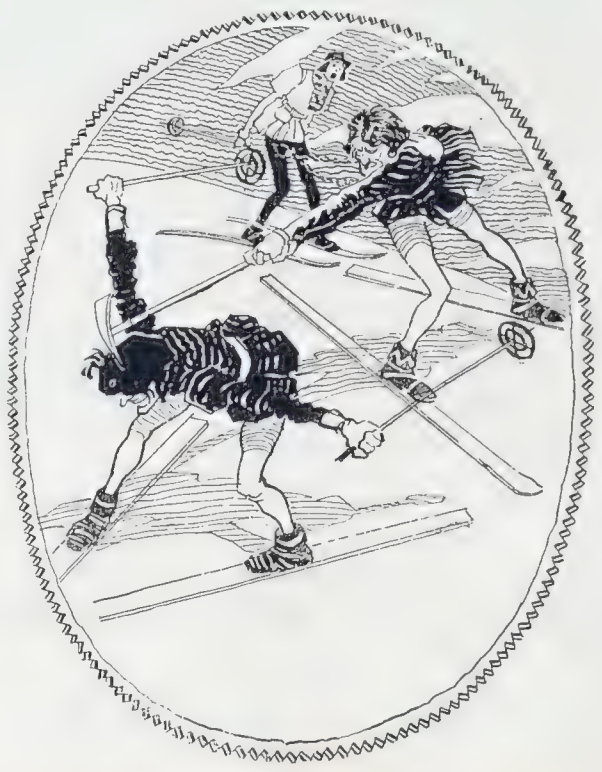
A SKI-ING INSTRUCTOR.

SCENE: THE NURSERY SLOPES AT GRINDELWALD

Horatio. Lo, where the Wetterhorn in glory lifts
His hoar-clad head, amid celestial blue;
Lo, where the princelike sunlight stoops to kiss
The cool, pure bosom of the virgin snow.
Lo, where the Scotsmen on the curling-rink——
Hamlet. Low? Ay, very low.
Hor. I meant not that.
Pardon my talking in this cock-eyed way;
'Tis called blank verse. I'll spout a few lines more.
Lo, where the treacherous chasm and black crevasse
Have op'ed their ponderous and marble jaws
Like to the bottomless abyss of Hell.
Lo, where——
Ham. (*irritably*). See here, just cut this lo-stuff out.
He jests at chasms who never wore a ski.
To prate of bottomless abysses when
I am about to venture forth, ski-shod——
Hor. Nay, Hamlet, wilt thou ski? Stout egg! Brave lad!
Ham. (*brooding*). To ski or not to ski? That is the question.
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The flouts and jeers of experts at the Bear
Or to strap wooden monsters to my boots
Like boats for bumping-races? To slip, to fall—
No more, and by one fall to say we end
The backache and the most unnatural shocks
That skis are heir to—'tis a consummation devoutly
To be wished. To slip, to fall,
To bump, perchance to bang. Ay, there's the rub——
Hor. Hast practised ski-ing?
Ham. Nay, but I have ta'en
A Correspondence Course—"Stickriding In
Six Lessons." It but cost a trifling sum—
Six ducats. I have further conned strange books
By Caulfield and one Arnold Lunn, a bloque
Of dark and diabolic ingenuity.
Hor. Lo, where th' Instructor comes and on attendant luge
Hither has brought the doings.

Enter an INSTRUCTOR

Instr. Good my lord,
Art ready? Nay, look not so hot and bothered.
Ham. Is this a dagger that I see before me?
Instr. Nay, sir, 'tis but a ski-stick with the which
Thou mayst punt thyself upon the level.
Now, put on thy skis.
Ham. 'Tis done. They're on. [*Falls.*]
Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!
Instr. Stand not upon the order of your going——
Ham. What, said you? Stand? I cannot stand at all.
My legs obey me not. First one, then t'other
Forges ahead as though 'twould wrench itself
Out of its socket. Nay, I am undone!
My knees are out of joint—O cursed spite!
I'd give a thousand crowns to stand upright.
[*Falls again.*]
Instr. Nay, good my liege, stand up. Keep standing up,
And it must follow as the night the day
Thou canst not then fall down.
Ham. (*much in wrath*). Thou pie-faced mutt!
Thinks't that I know not that?
Instr. But hark, my lord,
This is the secret of the Telemark,
The stemming-curve, the Cristiania swing—
Ham. Give me the ice-axe, bring it hither, slave.
Hor. Lo, here, with edge of blue and trenchant steel. . . .
Ham. Look up, Horatio, at the Wetterhorn. . . .
[*Conks him with ice-axe.* HORATIO *dies.*]
Thy end is near, Instructor, pray that thou
Mayst get few'r blows in Tophet than thou didst
Give me. [*Conks him.* INSTRUCTOR *dies.*]
So perish all such pestilential knaves. [*Goes mad.*]
Come snow, come frost, come ice, come rain, come sleet,
At least I'll die upon my two flat feet.
[*Exit down bob-run on scooter.*]



A Corner in Colour

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

A GALA NIGHT AT ST. MORITZ

Our artist's impression of the ballroom of the Palace Hotel, St. Moritz, en fête—which means any night this coming season when tireless young folk, despite a day on skis, can still respond to the syncopated beat of the modern drum, and to the sympathetic beat of hearts that are quite as modern—and yet as old as Adam and his Eve

TELLING THE "TAIL"—A NIGHT SCENE AT GRINDELWALD

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

A full day in the champagne air, crisp snow underfoot, kindly sunshine ove head: a full day on tireless feet (except for falls!) with the rhythm of exhilarating movement. Tnen, as the evening shadows lengthen and the scarlets and golds of the peaks change to purples and greens, dancing in the gay ball-room. And after that . . . . bed? Not a bit of it. O, Stay-at-home. For Switzerland is the land of Youth—even, 'tis whispered sometimes, the home of Lost Youth refound—and so at midnight there are the joyous thrills for youthful spirits at a "bear-tailing" party behind the jingling sleigh

"ONE FINE DAY . . ."

By A. A. THOMSON

Illustrated by BUD PERMANT

"'Marvellous!' said Desmond"

"BUT why should I marry you?" asked Daphne.

Desmond glanced fondly down. In her sheath-like evening-gown of shimmering blue she looked like some flower-fairy.

"Because," he murmured, in a voice that trembled with emotion, "a woman needs someone to guide her, someone with courage and endurance, someone immeasurably stronger. . ."

Daphne's laugh rang out like a peal of silver bells.

"Ask me again to-morrow," she said.

. . . . . .

"Marvellous!" said Desmond. The sun flamed out over the hillside, the scent of the pine hung in the air, the dazzling snow glowed with a tinge of faint blue reflected from a radiant sky. And Daphne, slender and lissom in tunic and breeches of Air Force blue, looked adorable.

"Yes," she smiled. "It's a real St. Moritz morning."

"I meant you," said Desmond, raptly.

"Silly boy! Got your luge? We'll go down the run first."

"What do we do?" asked Desmond, nervously.

"You don't have to do anything. Watch me."

Gracefully sliding her luge to the start of the run, she gave a little kick with her toe and shot out of sight. Desmond started too. He was flying down a pathway of sheer ice at incredible speed. A sharp curve with a high bank seemed to leap at him. Instinct made him sway inwards, and he went rocketing round the curve at a perilous angle, gathering speed as he shot into the straight.

"My hat!" he gasped. Another bend shot up viciously to meet him. He took the curve and whizzed furiously down the long, straight stretch into the open. He dismounted, glowing, somewhat proud of his first attempt.

"Hullo," said a laughing voice, "you *have* been a long time. You don't mean to say you've been braking down that bit of a run."

"Rather steep, isn't it?" observed Desmond, conversationally.

"Steep? Why, Mother comes down here every morning. It steadies her nerves. Oh, here's the shop where we hire the skis. . . No, I'll carry my own," she added, as they came out of the shop a few minutes later. "Don't tie yourself in a knot. . . . Well, perhaps we'd better put them on here. The snow's jolly deep across the lake."

"Is that a lake?"

"Of course it is. . . . Yes, I know there's a racecourse on it. The ice is

"Desmond conveyed the lower half of himself up the slope"

umpteen feet thick. Have you got those things on? Come on. What's the matter now?"

"How does one get along?"

"Oh, you just get along. How did you expect? First one foot and then the other."

Daphne waved her ski-stick carelessly.

"I think we'll try over there," she said.

"What, on that mountain-side?"

"Mountain-side?" laughed Daphne. "My dear man, those are the nursery slopes where infant ski-ers lisp their first prayers. My mother often——"

"All right," said Desmond, gruffly. "How do I start?"

"Watch," said Daphne. Skilfully she herring-boned up the slope.

"Gad!" breathed Desmond.

Swift and light as a swallow, a thing of grace and beauty, she skimmed down towards him. She was going to hit him. Desmond stood rooted to the spot as though leaden weights dragged him down. These beastly things on his feet. . . . Swooping towards him within inches, she swung clean round and drew up.

"That's a Telemark," she explained, "although people are doing Christies more nowadays. . . . Have a shot."

Slowly and wearily Desmond conveyed the lower half of himself up the slope.

"Now what?" he demanded.

"Oh, just start," said Daphne. "How else would you do it?"

Desmond became a snowy tangle of arms, legs and skis. Scrambling ungracefully into an upright position he slid downwards, clinging desperately to his sticks.

"Don't stick-ride!" called Daphne.

An hour later Desmond withdrew his head from the circumambient snow for the twentieth time, wondering vaguely whether his limbs would

(Continued on page 380)

FOLLOW TH

An invitation-card to any of the Swiss fashion resorts, that needs no gilt edge to make it more attractive. For here is the colou readers far away, in wardrooms on the China seas, in the galvanised iron anteroom of a Mess on the plains, in the lonely plantations this remembrance with a wish and an apology. A wish that the long-planned "leave" may contain all the joys of anticipation in

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

E CROWD!

r that is in the rainbow, the crystallised joy that is in men's hearts—sometimes!—the happiness that is in a woman's smile. To our and clearings where men struggle with Nature that they and the Empire may live, amid foreign tongues under foreign skies, we send ts fulfilment, an apology if we have, cruelly to be kind, added yet more expectations to that already overburdened time . . . .

"A skate-borne Boadicea would hack his shins"

fall apart when he took off his puttees.

"You'll do it in time," said Daphne, as, bird-like, she flew past. "All you lack is determination."

Desmond collapsed.

"After lunch," continued Daphne, as they plodded uphill towards the Carlton, "we're going to do some skating."

"But I can't skate," pleaded Desmond.

"I'll teach you," said Daphne.

The rink, with its background of blue sky and gleaming hillside, was starred with costumes, brilliant and flashing. A flying figure skimmed by like some perfectly-poised dragon fly. With a strained expression on his face and walking in the manner of a sufferer from creeping paralysis, Desmond made his unhappy way down the rink-steps.

"Can you flick out a back-counter?" asked Daphne, carelessly.

"What language is that?" asked Desmond, and fell on his spine.

"Try an outside forward," said Daphne kindly, and swung away, light as a plume of swansdown.

Desmond reviled himself for a worm and no man. Before she returned he had fallen eleven times.

"Been trying rockers?" she inquired, gaily. "I say, they're getting up a scratch side for hockey over on the other rink. They want you to——"

"But I can't——"

"Oh, fudge, I'll teach you. Besides, you can play goal. They give you a stick."

Before Desmond could formulate a dignified protest he found himself precariously planted in front of the narrow hockey goal with orders to defend it as if it were his life. Fierce young men and even fiercer maidens swooped furiously at him, flourishing sticks. Sometimes the flying puck struck him as he fell; sometimes he just fell. Sometimes a skate-borne Boadicea would hack his shins without another motive (or so it appeared to him) than mere violence.

"Well, how about some tea?" asked Daphne.

"Ye . . . es, I should like to sit down," moaned the victim.

"Why, you've done nothing else all day. . . . The *thé dansant* at the Grand——"

"My gosh—I mean, righto," said Desmond.

"I wish," said Daphne, as they fox-trotted round the brilliantly-decorated tea-room, "that the band would play more one-steps. I like a tune with some go in it. . . . By the way, you must buck up and change for early dinner; then there's a tailing party."

"My aunt! What's that?"

"You ride on luges tied to the back of a sleigh, and when the sleigh goes fast you fly, bumping all over the place. In the moonlight."

"Do bumps hurt less in the moonlight?" asked Desmond with the irony of a soul in pain.

"Nobody minds a bump or two. Then you'll have to change for the Kulm Ball, and there's dancing at the Palace after that till . . . late-ish. Hurry, Desmond. . . ."

. . . . . .

"But why should I marry you?" asked Daphne.

In her soft evening gown she looked as fragile as a rosebud.

"Because," murmured Desmond, in a voice that shook with emotion, "I need someone to guide me, someone with courage and endurance, someone immeasurably stronger. . . ."

A. A. Thomson

"'But why should I marry you?' asked Daphne"

BY DE BRULE

A NIGHT-TIME THRILL AT CHAMONIX

An impression of one of the latest thrills; in that wonderful valley of wonderful thrills, Chamonix. A moonlight party of skiers tailing behind a motor sleigh

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The MUSHROOM of MONT REVARD

I DON'T want to make any insinuations, but it seems to me there has been some queer work at Mont Revard. They say that there is nothing new under the sun, but the Winter Sports centre at Mont Revard is what visitors from Oshkosh call the newest ever. It came into being almost as if at the touch of a fairy's wand. It wasn't there. And then—hey, presto !—it just was. Aladdin (as we say in sporting circles) also ran. That is why I say there is something strange about it. I suspect black magic. I detect the hand of wizards and enchanters, and weavers of magic spells. You don't mean to tell me that prosaic business men achieved such a feat in such a remarkably short time. Nonsense, sir.

What happened, I think, was this. It was probably at a meeting of the Enchanters' Union. The secretary read the minutes of the last meeting, everybody yawned, and then an obscure wizard at the back of the hall said : "What fun, gentlemen ! I'm thinking of doing a bit of magic in France next winter."

The other wizards sat up and took notice.

"Well," said the little wizard, "it seems to me, from observation of those unreasonable things called human beings, that one of the things they grumble at is their weather. Some of their weather is bad, I grant you. Now in England——"

A shudder went round the hall.

"English weather is, I fear, beyond any hope of reformation. But speaking of weather generally, the trouble is that even if the weather is good, you can't guarantee to have it when and where you want it. Now my idea was to arrange a place like two flats, with (say) spring on the ground floor and winter upstairs."

"Hot and cold water ?" asked a facetious witch-doctor from the back of the platform.

"Hot and cold water," retorted the little wizard. "Think of that, gentlemen, spring on the ground-floor, blue lake, blossom and green grass, and in sight—from the first-floor window, as it were—snow-capped peaks, ski-fields, and pine-trees weighted down with their burden of snow."

"Don't be silly !" chorused the other enchanters. "You couldn't do it."

The little man grinned from ear to ear.

"That's good," he laughed. "That's good. I've done it ! Come and see."

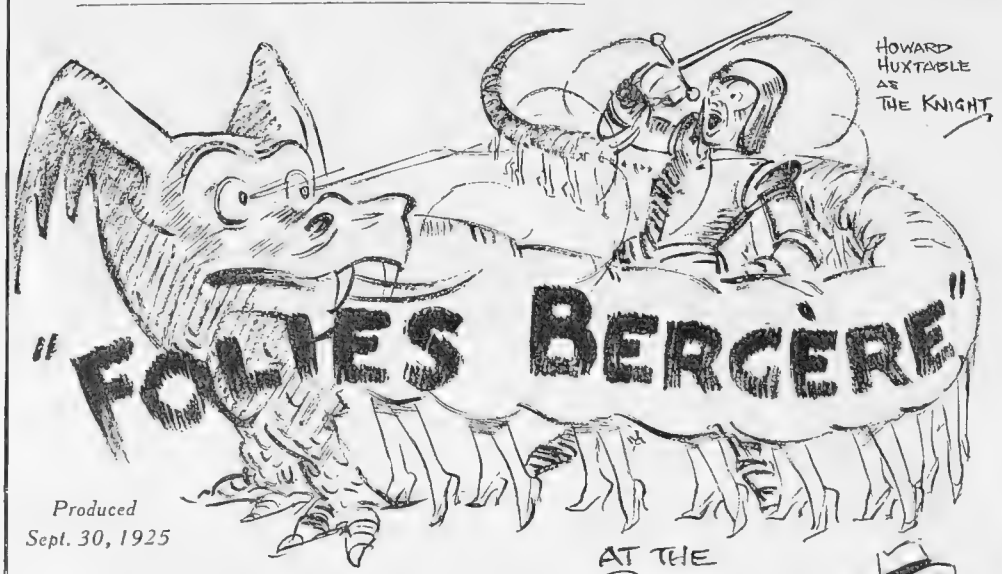
And being magicians, they wafted themselves right away above the good town of Aix, with its hotels and gardens, and landed on the spur of Mont Revard that looks down upon Lake Bourget and peers upwards into the clouds.

And, being magicians, they were delighted with what they could not but admit to be a sound piece of professional work. Imagine your hotel—this for the humans, of course, for magicians don't need hotels—set on this spur, overlooking a smiling valley of brown and green, rolling out beneath the eye like a jolly highly-coloured map laid out for convenience on the school-room floor. Flanking this valley, with its fascinating chess-board squares of little fields, lies the long strip of blue-grey water that is called Lake Bourget, its surface gleaming with a rich gloss, as of Russian leather.

Before you are the snowfields, skiing grounds for beginner and expert alike, a skating rink where graceful figures skim bird-like by, and a sporting bob-run where the speed merchants may whizz to their hearts' content. Right ahead is a positively amazing panorama of snow-clad peaks. White spurs shoot up through light clouds of misty grey. In and out of cloudland the sunbeams play like happy children. Sometimes the sunlight strikes a solitary peak and turns it to blazing silver. . . .

But we are not magicians. We cannot waft ourselves aloft. Right. Do not worry. The next best thing we can do for you is our rack railway. You get on it at Aix. (Aix, you know, where the baths come from.) And this honest, persevering little train pushes its way up to Mont Revard. Round and round the hillside it snorts, dour and determined, sometimes letting you see the wonderful view below and sometimes hiding it from you. But when it brings you to the top, there you will see all—all, I tell you—that the little wizard put there. Hats off (if I may say so) to the little wizard.

MONT REVARD: THE NEW WINTER SPORTS CENTRE ABOVE AIX, OPENED LAST YEAR.



"FOLIES BERGÈRE"

AT THE PALLADIUM

Produced Sept. 30, 1925

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

THE Folies Bergère is known to most English visitors to Paris. Indeed, at certain seasons of the year the enterprising management engage English artists, and produce a turn or so in English, to please what seems to them to be the majority of their patrons for the moment. Since the War revues in Paris have been rather bolder than they were in the old days, when the French police proved that even they could on occasion turn Pecksniffian. Nowadays, however, the costume for the chorus girl at least, is practically a negligible quantity; but nobody seems to be any the worse for it. However faithfully, therefore, an English producer might desire to copy the French original, he is clearly handicapped at the start by the difference in the standards of humour of the two countries. In Paris the spectacle of a sportive lady whose low-neck stretches to her waist-line is held to be highly diverting, but in London, of course, we should merely call for the police.

MAKING due allowance, therefore, for differences of climate and taste, it has to be recorded that the producer of the Folies Bergère Revue at the Palladium has been extraordinarily successful. There is a light-hearted atmosphere of happy frivolity about the whole entertainment which is not often to be found in London; while one dazzling scene follows another with the swift changefulness of the kaleidoscope. The *compère* of the Revue is Mr. Fred Duprez, whose carefully prepared impromptus are extremely diverting. It is he who points out to us that the show contains some of the shapeliest legs to be seen in Town at the moment. There was a time, of course, when chorus ladies, like the traditional Queen of Spain, had no legs. The most that was allowed to the descriptive writer was a reference to "tights," leaving to the imagination of the reader the manner in which such a garment was displayed. But now that "tights" have, for the most part, been abolished in this production, we are up against the bare facts, as you might say.

APART from Mr. Duprez, who is the leading humorist, there is Mr. Ernie Lotinga, who has a great deal to do, and whose humour in places is as broad as it is long. By this time, however, he has probably dispensed with the scene which shows him in the act of undressing, as the result of an imperfect comprehension of the stage-manager's instructions. This is a form of humour that is hardly suited to the West End of London; and it does not do justice to Mr. Lotinga's undoubted talent for comic display. He is seen to much greater advantage in the scene entitled "The Orderly Room," where his swift representation of exasperating twin brothers keeps the house in one continuous roar. In this scene Mr. Lotinga takes the part of "Private Josser," and a name like that gives a fair indication in advance of the type of humour that is about to be put on tap. But the fooling that ensues is quite excellent, and in the real comic spirit.

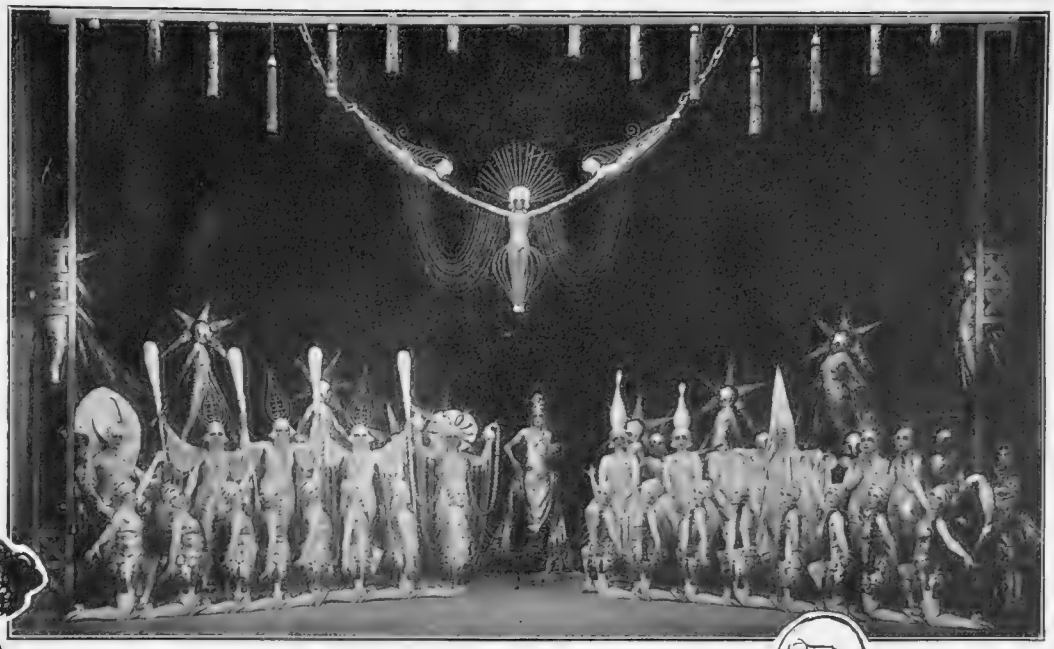
THEN there is the playful incident of the "Stolen Fruit." Mr. Harold Wilkinson, who is an excellent foil for Mr. Lotinga, has been to a museum, and has taken away a bag of apples that he found there. The apples are a thousand years, or so, old; so that it follows that they must by this time be extremely ripe. Those who eat the apples are carried back through the years to ancient Greece, where the old trouble commonly associated with the apple begins all over again. There, in picturesque antiquity, Mr. Lotinga finds himself drawn towards a beautiful girl. He is solemnly warned by a high priest of the temple that if he should surrender to the lady's charm he will be thrown into a pit a thousand feet deep, and this naturally makes him think twice before taking the plunge. But when the beauteous maiden begins to twine her arms about him all he can say is they had better start to work digging their thousand-feet pit, because it looks as if it will be wanted soon.

EVERY now and again there is a joyous outbreak of team dancing by the "Folies Bergère Girls," who seem to have had the last ounce of training for their job. The surprising harmony of their marching and dancing very properly excites both wonder and applause. They are ladies with a single thought, and legs that kick as one.

THE "Reception to Napoleon Bonaparte" is, if my memory serves me rightly, lifted bodily from the Paris Show. Mr. Duprez makes an effective appearance as Napoleon, though he seems to have mixed his conception of the Little Corporal's forelock with the famous curl of Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. Robert Chisholm, in magnificent voice, gives here the song, "Le Rêve Passé," though it seems a little strange to me that a singer with so delicate an ear should say "ecouta*y*" and "regarda*y*," an accent that smacks rather of the boarding-school than the boulevard.

The display on the stage entitled, "Crown of Napoleon" is an excellent reproduction of the original, making due allowance, of course, for the supplementary, if comparatively insignificant, draperies of the human Venuses that form the Crown's supports.

THE leading lady is Miss Jenny Golder, who is an all-round entertainer of high proficiency. At one moment she is singing a duet with Mr. Duprez about Susie and Percy, and at another she is presiding over a sale



HUNG ON THE LINE

One of the sparkling scenes from the revue. The ladies at the top of the photograph seem to be rather highly strung!

collects the usual ten shillings reward from the Humane Society. But after Mr. Wilkinson has carried out his part by diving in and calling for help, Mr. Lotinga discovers that the same Society offers no less than twenty shillings for the recovery of a dead body, and in these days of universal profiteering you can't afford to throw away your chances. There are several amusing scenes illustrative of modern matrimonial complications. In one of them two commercial travellers return home for the week-end. One is bringing his wife a present, in the hope that she will forget the awkward

of lingerie which involves a display of mannequins who give living pictures of some of the more intimate advertisements of the ladies' papers. Miss Golder is the life of the party in several of the scenes, and is a highly-appreciated asset to the production. The usual Apache dance incidental to shows of this kind is dramatically rendered by Les Germaines in a rather gruesome turn, the "Danse de la Mort." These two brilliant artists, however, make amends by a brighter and livelier turn later on in the production, and are to be congratulated on their versatility.

MR. LOTINGA and Mr. Wilkinson have an amusing scene in which, representing a couple of down-and-out tramps, they decide that one of them shall dive into the river while the other rescues him and legend to the effect that a commercial traveller has a wife in every port. The other, however, has merely come armed with a club. As soon as he has rung the front door-bell he runs round to the back of the house just in time to swat a departing admirer who is clearly an interloper on the premises.

THERE are no fewer than thirty-three scenes in the production, so that it clearly has to move with a bit of a hustle in order to keep pace with the clock. One scene succeeds another so quickly that memory has hardly time to exercise itself. I came away with the feeling that I had been most agreeably entertained by a show that quite happily defied particular analysis, and that seems to me to be very near the ideal form of entertainment. JINGLE

SKATES & LANTERNS

By A. A. THOMSON

"How would you like," asked Sheila, "to see an ice-carnival?"

"Providing that it's a really nice carnival," I replied, "something that the Vicar's wife wouldn't——"

"Oh, I see. Joke. Please give me notice next time. Would your grace deign to attend a nice ice-carnival?"

"Not 'arf! I get you. Rink to me only with thine ice. Tell me about it."

"Well, you know what a rink is, don't you?"

"Rather. A rink is a piece of ice, entirely surmounted by Scotsmen. Armed with brooms and petrified bannocks, they rush madly hither and thither, terrifying their foes with raucous cries and——"

"That's only a curling rink," laughed Sheila. "On the skating-rink we are not like that. The place will be decorated——"

"What for? Bearing up under great pressure?"

"Silly! There'll be lights and fireworks and a band. Have you ever skated to music?"

"No, but I dare say I could fall on my back in waltz-time as well as any other."

"And there'll be fancy dress, too, of course."

"Good. I'll go as Henry VIII or the Tichborne Claimant—some well-padded historical character. . . . After dinner, then."

. . . . .

Up the winding path from the hotel we strode, under the shadow of the steep hillside. Suddenly the path swung round, revealing the whole rink at a glimpse, silvered by moonlight and jewelled with a thousand lamps. Round its outer edge ran a circle of softly alternated red and green lights, glimmering like a necklace of emeralds and rubies. Swiftly-moving skaters held lanterns on sticks, glowing and skimming like fireflies. Rising behind in the shadow, immense, mysterious, lay the mountain, and over all hung the moon's silver globe.

"'The moon shines bright,' I quoted;

> In such a night as this
> When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
> And they did make no sound.
> In such a night——'"

"In such a night," said Sheila, briskly, "Aunt Josephine caught cold by standing about and not doing something vigorous. Where are my boots?"

. . . . .

I sat down on a vacant seat on the terrace. The band was playing one of those fox-trot tunes that ought to be forbidden by law. Shakespeare speaks of music hauling the soul out of a man. This tune dragged at your heels. The dancers, carrying their swinging lanterns in front of them, moved swiftly across the ice in perfect rhythm, weaving brilliant patterns as they passed and re-passed.

"Like a rocket I flew forward"

"Here I am," announced Sheila, and stood before me, a Dresden shepherdess, beribboned and bewitching. I took off my overcoat.

"Are you Mephistopheles?" she asked.

"No, I'm an angel. I'm Lucifer."

"But Lucifer fell."

"How tactless women are! That's a nice thing to say to me when I shall probably have to have a new spine, owing to——"

"Oh, come on."

We swung out on to the ice. Orange and green lanterns glided by in a fairy-land of colour and music. Harlequins, Columbines, fairies . . . elves, passed and re-appeared in a maze of changing beauty.

"Tell me," I said, "why do you skate like a puff of thistledown and I like a sack of coals?"

"You're not so bad," said Sheila, kindly. "Say, half a sack of coals. Oh, here's the Grand Parade."

The band broke into a quick march and the skaters swung out into a long file with lanterns poised, moving like some gigantic caterpillar . . . some sinuous dragon with luminous scales.

"And now," said Sheila, "we must have our photograph taken."

"No, I could never pose for one of those skate-ographs, left foot above right ear——"

"Don't be silly. Here's a photographer. We need only stand in front of him."

"Stand-a!" called a dapper little man with a big box camera. "I take-a you, yes?"

"Heavens!" I exclaimed. "He's pointing a pistol at us."

"That's only his magnesium-flash-light. He's going to——"

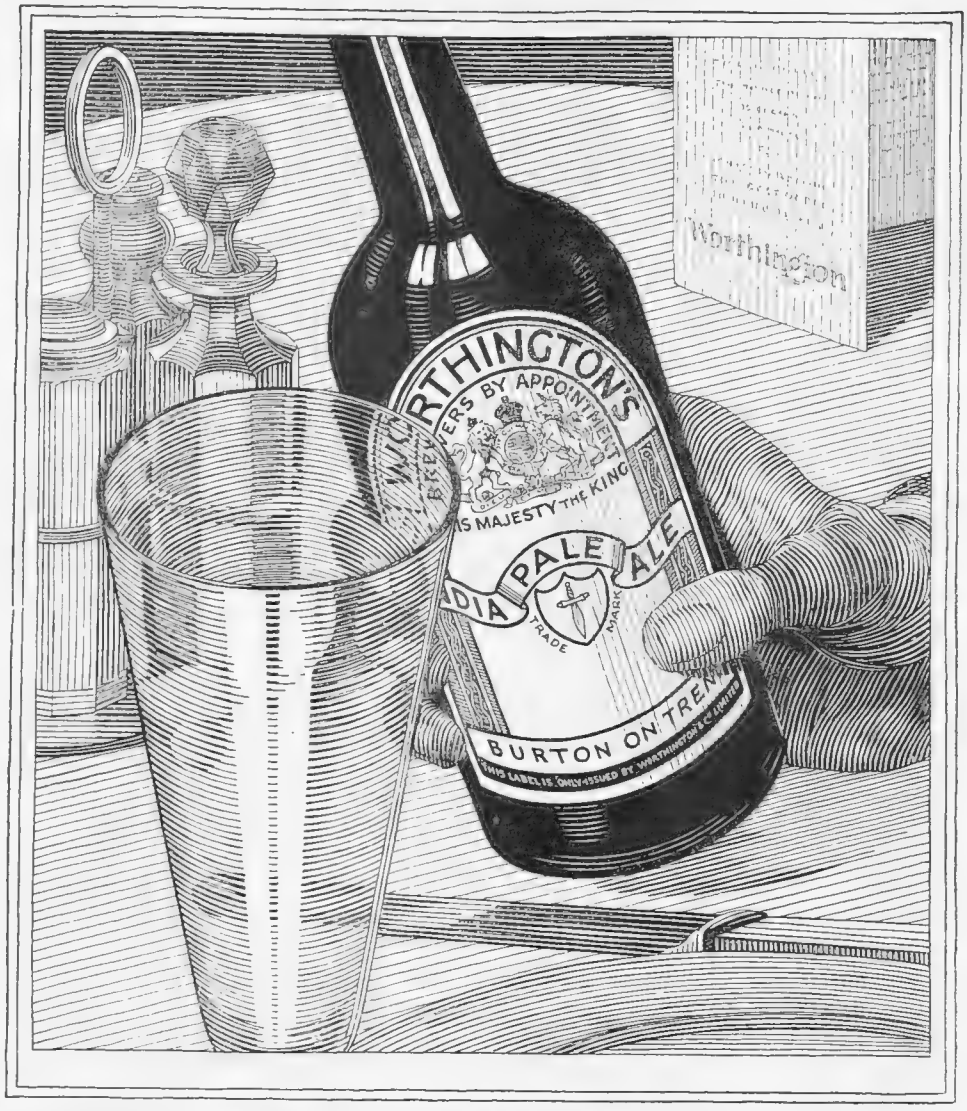
Puff! The magnesium burst brilliantly into flame. My startled right skate, whose behaviour had hitherto been unimpeachable, flew up from under me. Like a rocket I flew forward, and with the lightning precision of a crack three-quarter dropping a goal, I kicked the camera skywards out of the man's hands.

Weak with laughter, Sheila skated to a post and leant on it.

"Never-a mindt," cried the photographer gallantly as my third somersault concluded; "I take-a him before you kick him, yes!"

. . . . .

So if the society papers publish a portrait of a large boot with skate attached, that's me. A characteristic pose, if I may say so.



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THE RUGGER WORLD

THE HARLEQUINADE

By "PENDARVES"

THE Rugger ground at Twickenham has long been recognised as the home of the Harlequins as much as the home of the big international game and the headquarters of London Rugger generally. This sparkling London club is very lucky to have at its disposal so excellent a headquarters for its home matches as the Rugby Union Ground, and all it has to give in the way of accommodation for spectators and creature comforts for the players. One uses the word "sparkling" about The Harlequinade because they always put up a scintillating game, full of *élan*, on their own ground and other people's.

One reason why it is always worth while journeying laboriously by train to Twickenham during the Saturday rush hours—unless some plutocratic gentleman hogs you down there, via the new West Road, in his car—is because The Harlequinade has some brilliant personalities in its XV who are good to watch playing the game anywhere.

People like the indomitable forward, W. W. Wakefield, for instance, the proud holder of twenty-five international caps for England: who will presumably hold the world's record of twenty-nine at the end of this season. This shining light in the world of active Rugger is beginning to wane, unless I am much mistaken, as I hope I am. He seems to me to have lost some of his great pace. He is not seen quite so often on top of the ball in the loose rushes. But even so (and you never know with "Wakers," who will suddenly put up a tremendous game when you are least expecting him to) he is still one of the best forwards playing the game in this country, and worth a premier place in any international team. His experience of forward play is unique, and his influence in the pack immense.

The Harlequinade is extremely lucky in possessing a pair of forwards in the back row of their Saturday scrums consisting of the renowned "Wakers" ("the man who sits on people's heads," as an old English forward described him to me the other day) and the winger, Johnnie Chick, an Air Force Pilot of parts. I have had occasion to write about this officer in these pages before, and shall no doubt have to again: for if he does not gain the highest honour this season—he is eligible also I understand, for Wales—I am prepared to take some steps about the "hat eating" business, or whatever it is a false prophet has to do. Johnnie Chick is as versatile a Rugby forward as he is an experimental Pilot in a fast and fearsome machine, which is saying a good deal if you know the hair-raising stunts in the latter he is frequently called upon to perform. He is—there is no other word for it—terribly fast in the loose. He is away from those wheeling scrums, snapping up somebody's momentary fumble, and carrying on the good work with a capable pair of feet, almost before you have time to follow the trend of matters very often. One hopes sincerely that he will avoid accident on the field—he is as hard as nails, so it is not likely—between now and January 16. England wants this type of forward badly this season.

And then, of course, there is the complete right-wing three-quarter in Hamilton Wickes. This try-getter, swerver, cross-kicker, sound tackler, and converter of goals by almost impossible place kicks is only twenty-four years old, and so should be a pillar of strength to England for years to come. I doubt whether anyone else will be even considered for this position for the next few seasons. If he could add another yard or so to his pace he could claim equality with any right-wing "three" in the history of the game. To that end he has been running during the summer, and if by so doing he has increased his pace (impossible to judge the other day, as Beer, his inside, continued to send him ineffective passes), England will get a few tries this season from the right-wing anyway, whatever else happens. He has become so much a habit with the Twickenham crowd that you hear the plaintive request below the Press Stand, as from one man to another, when things are not going too well for "the 'Arlequins"——

"Give us one, Wickes" . . . or, "one more Hamilton, please." . . . That worthy usually responds fairly promptly.

It is a great pity W. H. Wainwright is not half as heavy again, as there has been a dearth of really good full backs for England for some seasons. He must be quite one of the smallest players holding that responsible position in first-class club football to-day. He is unquestionably one of the pluckiest. He will go down to anything. And his hands and his touch-finding are splendidly safe.

If Leo Price turns out for The Harlequinade this year, as expected, and if C. R. Wordsworth helps them up to Christmas, the side will want a lot of stopping this season, much more so than last. They have got also a very promising scrum half in F. F. Field-Hyde, who played impressively against Guy's.

It is good to see that the Twickenham ground has been boarded with a low barricade all round the touch-line on the edge of that concrete drop where H. W. V. Stephenson came such a dangerous "purler" last year.

There is other tangible evidence of Engineer-Commander Coopper's naval efficiency and naval friendliness of manner in the administration of the Rugby Union ground which is very welcome.

A NEAR THING

G. P. U.

A Cardiff player showing no desire to be received with open arms by a Blackheath forward during the recent match on the Rectory ground. Cardiff won a fast game by 17 points to 8

Leaves from a Ski-ing Diary

By ARNOLD LUNN

Illustrated by D'EGVILLE

I KEEP a diary. It is rather an intermittent affair, for as I shall never lose a war or muddle a campaign, I have no reason to hope that a publisher will ever pay vast sums for the right to produce a narrative of my blunders day by day. Samuel Butler once said that he only wrote his books in order to have something to read in his old age which would amuse him. And I, too, hope that when I am "old and grey and full of sleep," my ski-ing diary will help to remind me of the joys and humours of a wonderfully varied sport.

SKI-ING is a comparatively new sport, but it has already produced certain recognised types similar to those which one meets with in other games. The golfing bore has an exact parallel in the ski-ing bore. Just as certain golfers will relentlessly describe every detail of their game from the first hole to the eighteenth, so the ski-ing bore will analyse for your benefit every yard of a long run, and, unless you have learnt to rebuff bores, you will certainly be exposed before long to something like this: "By gad, we had a topping run to-day on the Blindhorn. The top slope was infernally steep, and I tried to take it straight and crashed. Smith—wise fellow—came down in stemmers. He got away from me at the bottom, but from the second tree I caught him up with a perfect peach of an open Christiania. We then ran neck-and-neck down to the sixth tree, and I worked in three telemarks and two lifted-stems. With a passing kuhalp we struck some hard snow, and Smith crashed with his third stemmer. I got down all right with five stem-christis and two jump-turns, but I crashed on my third jump-turn." By this time you realise that he has only succeeded in describing the first four hundred feet of a four thousand feet descent, and your subsequent tactics will, consequently, depend on the relative value which you attach to a reputation for courtesy or to a reputation for absence of mind.

I FIND in my diary notes for an article on the technique of the trumpet. It is painfully difficult to persuade other people to blow one's own trumpet, and every self-respecting ski-runner should acquire the art of blowing his own trumpet without appearing to do so. When one has been ski-ing well above one's form, it is, of course, essential that other people should be kept well posted as to one's performances. Of many methods in current use the following are the most popular.

THE first method is to remark with unadorned simplicity, "I took Lone-Tree Slope straight to-day in fast snow, and did not crash."

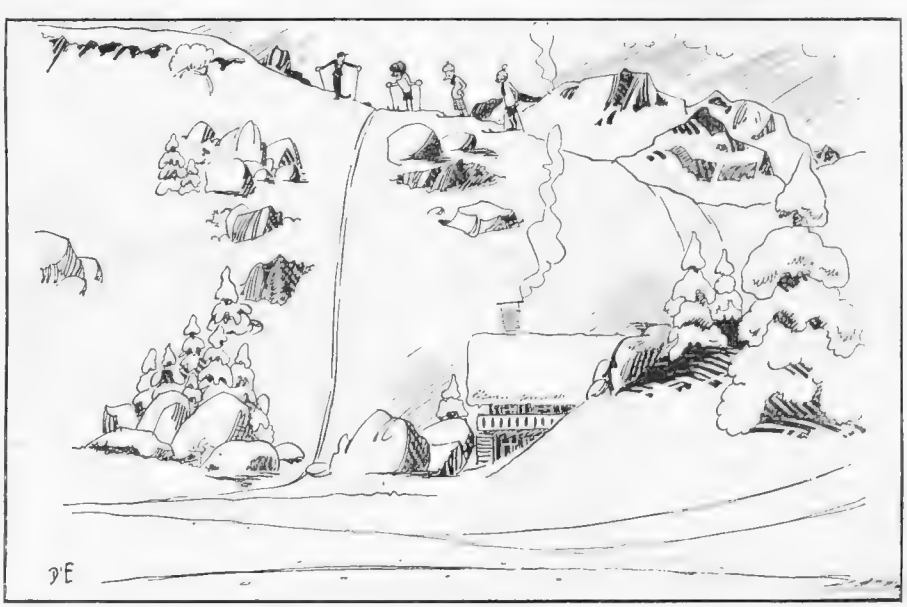
The second method is to wait until the following day, and then discreetly lead a carefully-selected party to a spot above the slope in question. Slopes always look much more dashing from above than when you see them in profile. You then stop and remark: "I say, that's a good track; that chap must have been travelling some when he took that slope straight." Someone, if the scheme works properly, will begin to speculate on the creator of the track in question. After a tactful interval you will remark in a puzzled tone: "Oh, yes! Good Heavens! That must have been the track I made yesterday. I remember it was rather fast."

THE third method is even less direct. It might be described as the anecdotal method. It is popular among ladies. "Jack and I," you will begin, "have had a most frightful quarrel. He was simply furious with me for taking Lone-Tree Slope straight. Of course, he said he could not let a girl take it straight without following her down, and as he was feeling rather out of form he simply loathed the prospect of Lone-Tree Slope. He had to take it, and he has been cursing me ever since. He says, and I quite agree with him, that it is really not good ski-ing to blind down anywhere where one stands very little chance of not crashing. As a matter of fact I would have fallen, only I was going so fast that I was much too frightened to fall."

Unfortunately, I have never been too frightened to fall, nor does one really conceal the fact that one is trying to advertise one's courage by pretending to fear one of the few manœuvres which no ski-runner ever really dreads.

A SKI-ING type that is more common and more troublesome than the ski-ing bore is the hanger-on. The habits of the hanger-on occupy much space in my diary, and the following

(*Continued on page 392*)



"Discreetly lead a carefully-selected party to a spot above the slope in question"

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"His hundredth fall broke a ski"

entry gives a fair notion of the sufferings which he inflicts. Some friends of mine and I had planned an expedition, and had rather weakly agreed to ask a comparatively inexperienced ski-runner called Brown. On the morning of the expedition Brown appeared, accompanied by another runner whom we will call Smith. Smith introduced himself cheerfully: "I am quite as good as Brown, so I thought you would not mind me coming too." Courtesy conquered courage, and we remarked that we did not mind.

LONG before we started down, his bindings gave trouble, for, of course, he had not attended to them before starting; and, as he was incapable of attending to them himself, this involved ten minutes cold on the crest of a windy pass. We started down. Smith fell twice before he had fairly started, and thereafter the falls were only limited by the time he wasted in getting up again.

THERE are three classes of ski-runners. First, the beginner, who goes downhill far more slowly than he climbed up hill. Such was Smith. As the novice improves he gradually reaches the proud stage when he travels down hill almost as fast as he climbs up. If he perseveres, the day will arrive when he will be faster down hill than on the ascent.

SMITH will, I feel sure, never reach the second stage. He had not grasped the great truth that, in order to descend, it is necessary to point one's ski downhill. He clung hopefully to the belief that by traversing slowly across the hill in a horizontal direction he would somehow reach the valley. His hundredth fall broke a ski. Of course, he had not brought a spare point. His ski were removed; he walked down, and the rest of the party carried his ski. When we arrived in the valley he remarked with undaunted cheerfulness: "That's the way to learn. I have learnt more to-day than in a week of ordinary ski-ing." So had we.

I ALWAYS record in my diary the first time I hear a cuckoo in the spring, and the first time in the winter that I hear anybody make a pun on the word "ski," or drop the classic ski-ing bromide: "I do not know how to telemark, but when I want to stop I just sit down." As a matter of fact, the first joke on the word "ski" was made in 1884.

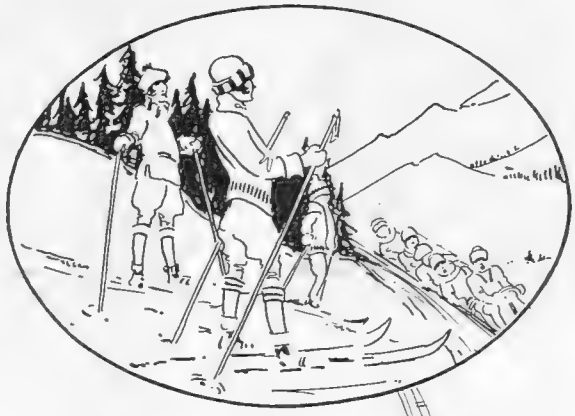
"The joy of discovering that your binding has not yet come off"

There are three ways of enjoying ski-ing. You can ski; you can serve on ski committees, and you can invent ski bindings. Some people combine the first two rôles, but if you once start inventing bindings you will cease to enjoy ski-ing. The inventor is a benefactor, for the perfect binding has not yet been discovered. But I should like to give a friendly warning to those who imagine that the perfect binding is easy to discover, and that they are destined to prove its Columbus. Once allow yourself to be ensnared by the ambition to improve existing bindings and you will find that your interest in ski-ing steadily diminishes. The joys of a fast run will give place to the joy of discovering that your binding has not yet come off. The sorrows of a toss will be replaced by the agonies of watching your ski careering down the valley without its owner. You will leap out of bed in the early hours of the morning to snatch at some fugitive suggestion of dreamland for improving your binding. You will cover your *menu* at dinner with diagrams, and even your best friend will fly from you.

I KNEW a man who had this inventing mania. We called him the White Knight, because he reminded us oddly of certain passages of "Alice in the Looking-Glass." He was full of absurd inventions. In order to facilitate climbing, the sole of the foot, so he assured us, should always be horizontal. So he fitted in little clogs of wood to lift his heel when he was climbing. A good scheme, but as gradients vary it required a succession of differently shaped supports to preserve that horizontal position of the sole of his foot to which he attached such importance.

HE had a wonderful binding, which always came off when he fell, and this was its charm. It also came off when he was not falling, and this was its disadvantage, its only disadvantage—so he assured us. In order to prevent the snow balling under his heel he covered his binding in a kind of sack, and inserted his boots delicately into the neck of this sack. Then he found that the loose flapping of the sack caught under his ski, and this saddened him.

I LAST saw him a year ago. He had then discovered that most sprains are due to the lateral rigidity of the binding. He had accordingly invented a binding which slid about at will to right and to left. It was controlled by a kind of spring. I asked him how he ever succeeded in controlling his ski, and he replied, with simple pride, that when he wished to control his ski he inserted a pin in the binding, which made them rigid once again. Apparently, when he felt the danger of a fall was imminent, he removed the pin and allowed the binding full play. I have described him exactly as he was, without the least trace of exaggeration, and this story should serve as a warning to other inventors.



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"Short skirts are not a sin"

The Fawkes Hunting Season

By Blanchette *Illustrated by HELEN McKIE*

LONDON, *November* 2

DEAR COUSIN—

AM told it's Guy Fawkes' day this Thursday as ever is, and oh, what a joyous thought it is in a way. That there should be traditions still flourishing, I mean, of such glorious antiquity, and the old picturesque stories not quite entirely forgotten, in spite of the lapse of years—

Remember, remember
The Fifth of November,

they used to say, am told, in ancient days, when this particular anniversary came round, with other remarks reminding us about gunpowder, treason and plot, and that whatever else happened the Fifth of November should never be forgot. And why forget it, anyway?

卐

A PERFECTLY delightful affair it must have been at the time, that aforesaid plot, and so intensely intriguing in every sort of way, Mr. Guido Fawkes having been delegated by a large delegation of perfectly good noblemen and gentlemen, all his peers, to set light to a perfectly good train of gunpowder at a given moment so as to blow up the House of Commons and all that therein was.

卐

WELL, don't know quite precisely, I must confess, what the H. of C. contained in those days, but if it was at all like the present-day effort, don't mind saying that even a double gunpowder (without soda) wouldn't have been likely to do them so very much serious harm, so to speak. Or, in other words, you'd have had to have a really horrid explosion to induce them to do anything out of the merely ordinary and *banal*, and put through any of the sort of legislation *I* want passed. Like votes for all the men who fought in the War, whatever their houses and properties and so on, and a super-super-tax on all profiteers . . . but that's by the way. In fact, personally, I'm all for Guy Fawkes-hunting, so to speak—only I'd egg him on when found, not execute him, what?

卐

RATHER fancy this gunpowder idea, I mean—such a lot of people I'd like to blow up right away on this sacred anniversary of the world's greatest explosion . . . that didn't come off. There's all the ones that are richer than me to begin with—which provides in itself, not to say *per se*, a quite healthy kind of holocaust. And then we proceed further to include I think (1) most of the elderly persons who run our politics (they can't help it, of course, but why not give a chance to the younger ones, who might do better, perhaps, and couldn't do worse).

卐

ALSO (2) certain persons who are under the impression that they rule the stage, but don't do it too superbly well—*e.g.*—well, won't mention no names, shall us? Not that we'd really willingly part with any of them, but as the old War song put it, "We don't want to lose them but we think they ought to go," in a sort of military spirit, so to speak (having made their own little piles, we hope), so's to make room for other and younger persons of not less merit, though almost certainly minor credit at the bank.

卐

LIKEWISE in this aforesaid gunpowder plot and accompanying explosion, I think, thou thinkest, and in fact we all think that quite a nice as well as noisy means of exit could be provided for quite a long list of persons of a certain kind that have annoyed us for quite a number of years. *E.g.*, and for instance, we have no particular further use for, and no impertinent questions will be asked about the decease of those who in dance places such as Murray's (where there's all the less excuse because both the food and the potions are decidedly lovable) tread upon our toes, barge into our innocent and (now the new fashion's come in) entirely unclothed and unprotected

"Mr. Guido Fawkes"

(*Continued on page 396*)

"London Council of Public Morals"

WENGEN

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backs, and thus generally disorganise our otherwise ideal evening.

And also not sure some of us didn't rather yearn for a bit of a Guy Fawkes explosion, or at the least a few squibs and crackers and things to arouse authors and people from their ancient and cobwebby idea about the B.P. or British Public's insatiable appetite for sentimental slops. All right for the U.S., no doubt (which even swallowed, apparently, that ingenuous and prematurely deceased play, *Growing Pains*), but after *our* explosion of the Great War, which America only just heard of at the last moment, we seem to be just a shade more exacting in the way of realism and all that kind of thing.

Foxhunting, by the way (which is the true certain herald of the coming of winter), starts officially to-day and not only in the shires either, seeing that furs have come into their own again and fox of all sorts, grey fox and dyed fox to match your coat, is the fur of the moment. So there's foxhunting busily in progress in Bond Street, too, and the Rue de la Paix—all the more so because it's to be a bare-back winter and without the requisite furry covering you might as well be dead—or in bed.

"Super-super-tax on all profiteers"

Oh, and wonders, methinks (said she, bromidically) will never cease. Not only has a Bishop actually admitted that all those who dance are not necessarily abandoned criminals, but here's positively a perfectly good Archbish., he of Paris, to wit, calmly, coolly and in cold blood laying it down that short skirts are not a sin and even approving of shingled hair. Comforting, *n'est-ce-pas*, and even helps us to bear up slightly against the sad news that the London Council of Public Morality, whatever this august body may be, has declared war against the night clubs, campaign to start in about a fortnight's time. Nice of them to send out an early warning though, wasn't it, so that at the Forty-Forty and William's and the New Rams, etcet., all necessary preparations may be made?

More Guy Fawkes business, what? How we do seem to love going around hunting down our fellow-men (and women) not to mention mere four-legged foxes, what?

With love,

Yours ever,

Blanchette

By "The Tout"

W. McLACHLAN JUNR. AND S. H. DARLING

The latter recently distinguished himself by turning out the winners of both the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. Young McLachlan rode "Masked Marvel" to victory for Mr. A. K. Macomber, who brought off a record double in these two races

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

The French Problem

I wonder what our handicappers think of these repeated victories of French horses in big races. Admittedly they have a difficult task in weighing up French running, but I venture to suggest that the disposition so far seems to be to under-estimate the value of the foreign form. Such horses as Sir Gallahad III, Tapin, Epinard, Rose Prince, Forseti and Masked Marvel have done much to destroy the notion that the French-trained animals are in the slightest way inferior to our own. When the handicappers are in doubt about these handicap aspirants from the other side of the Channel, they ought surely to clap an extra 7 lbs. on to the weights they think should be allotted. Even then the compiler of the weights is quite likely to be caught.

Weighing Up Form

It is exceedingly difficult to handicap horses simply by looking up their performances. You refer to the *Chronique du Turf*, which is the *Racing Up-to-Date* of France, and you find that a certain horse has finished, say, fourth or fifth. But unless you witnessed the actual race you might easily be mislead by the book. This, briefly, seems to be the great disadvantage attached to the handicapping of French horses in England. It is not easy to supply a remedy for it, and I am afraid that Mr. Dawkins and his fellow officials will have to go on working in the dark.

Landing the Double

Obviously people like Ladbrooke's would take the precaution of covering themselves on the Cambridgeshire winner. They could have done so at 20's until within a day or two of the race. Even so, I expect Mr. Macomber's big bet had the effect of spoiling this firm's double event book. It is not very satisfactory to English racing people to see so much money passing across the Channel as the result of these repeated handicap coups. We may be sure that French owners and trainers will make increasing efforts to get the better of English handicappers. No horse trained in England ever wins a French handicap. I am under the impression, indeed, that our horses are not eligible for such events, so the racing arrangements between the two countries are one-sided.

At Headquarters

Apart from whether one lost or won at the Houghton fixture, one will have pleasant recollections of the last of the season's meetings at headquarters, thanks to the delightful conditions which prevailed. We did not get too many shocks in the shape of the success of unconsidered outsiders, and it ought not to have been a black week for the majority of punters. At Windsor to-day (Wednesday) the Clarence Handicap may be won by **The Monk**, and the Frogmore Nursery by **Fiddle**. To-morrow (Thursday), **Sopron** has a good chance in the Guy Fawkes Handicap. At the end of the week Newbury will provide its usual attractive fare. I would like to see Runnymede win the Beckhampton Handicap for the King on the opening day, but I doubt whether he will give the weight to **Laughter Tor. Pard** may continue his sequence of successes in the November Nursery, while **Daimyo** is my selection for the Autumn Handicap on Saturday.

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By HARTLEY CARRICK

THE A.B.C. of any Government:
(*a*) Export.
(*b*) Import.
(*c*) Deport.

. . . . . .

WE like the robustness of that gentleman who said he didn't care if everyone in the country was reduced to the last red cent, provided that the last Red was sent out of it.

. . . . . .

RUGBY enthusiasts are looking forward to the first international. We understand that our Communists are looking with equal expectancy towards the Third International.

. . . . . .

SOME people maintain that things will never become normal until there is a general cancellation of debts. With the Christmas bills in the offing we cordially agree with that statement.

. . . . . .

THERE is still speculation as to who will be the future King of Hungary. We very much doubt whether it will be one of the Perhapsburgs.

. . . . . .

HORACE: "When you said you wouldn't marry me I wanted to tear my hair."

DORIS: "Well?"

HORACE: "Now I want to tear yours!"

. . . . . .

HEARD IN THE TUBE: "No, I wouldn't like to say she squints, but her eyes are apparently so beautiful that they can't help looking at each other."

A DOMESTIC TRAGEDY

Mrs. de Tomkyns Montmorency Brent,
Who owned a fine estate in County Kent,
Having no cook, sent up for one to town,
And in due course arrived Miss Mary Brown,
Sent from a registry, renowned for tone,
From somewhere in the wilds of Marylebone.
After a decent interval for food,
Miss Mary B. was duly interviewed.
Light were the duties and the wages BON,
Likewise the mansion had the wireless on;
She gained the priceless information, too,
There were no kitchen grates nor flues to do,
And learnt three evenings in the week were hers
To entertain potential "followers."
In fact, the job seemed made for Mary Brown,
Who yet incontinently turned it down;
She took her fare (return) as her just due,
Then hopped it to "fresh woods and pastures new."

. . . . . .

It afterwards transpired that Mary B.
WANTED A WHOLE DAY IN THE COUNTRY FREE!

WE read of a man who has lived in London and who has never seen a taxi. We can only conclude that he was given a life sentence.

. . . . . .

A WOMAN, accused of stealing a baby from a perambulator in North London, declared that she had never been in that neighbourhood. Our Cockney office-boy ventures the suggestion that she was setting up an alibiby.

. . . . . .

WE should greatly like to know who is responsible for putting the dust in industry, and the ruction in reconstruction.

. . . . . .

MR. BERNARD SHAW says he always laughs at anyone who laughs at him. The man must be one perpetual smile.

. . . . . .

RIDING astride for girls is said to be going out of fashion. We hope that does not indicate that our girls will be getting into loose habits.

. . . . . .

A NEW sort of brown paper is to be used for making the soles of boots. Now certain cheap cigars are sure to go up in price.

. . . . . .

Prices are coming down, they say—the proof
Will be received by all with much aplomb;
But though 'tis said beef's cheaper on the hoof,
We want it cheaper where the steaks come from!

. . . . . .

ACCOUNTS of mean men still continue to reach us. The latest is of a certain bigoted individual who refuses to subscribe to certain opinions.

. . . . . .

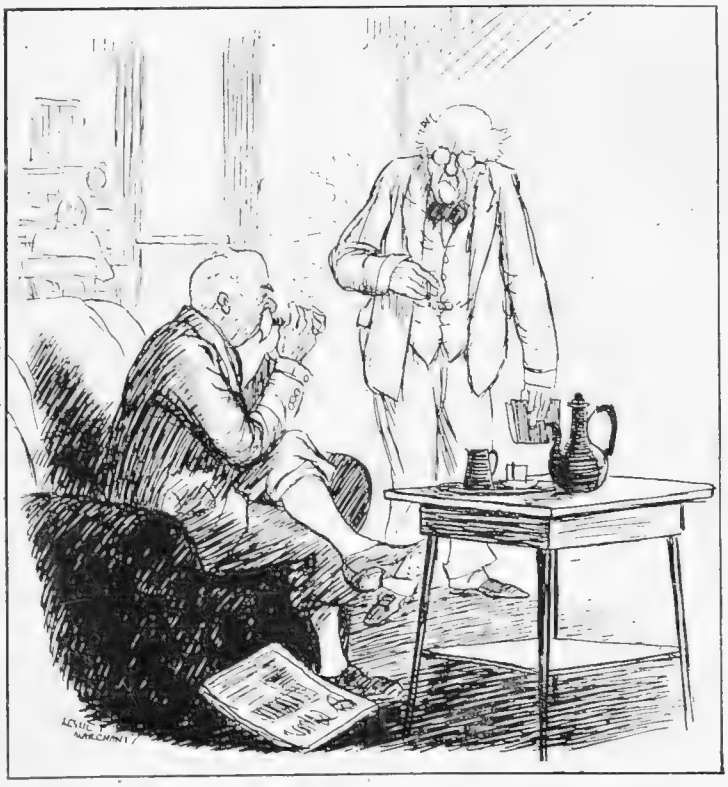
His sins, which were black as the Niger,
Would have staggered the prophet Elijah;
But I'm glad to relate,
That before 'twas too late,
He was turned from his ways by a pi-jaw!

. . . . . .

THEY say that the latest police test for sobriety is to request the gentleman in custody to say quickly, "the sea seethes and sufficeth me."

. . . . . .

IT would appear that Lord Bradbury's Food Committee intend to say it with flours to the Master Bakers.



RIDING HIM OFF By LESLIE P. MARCHANT

PROFESSOR: "Do you do much riding these days, Colonel?"
THE OTHER: "Oh—er—just a little off and on, y'know!"

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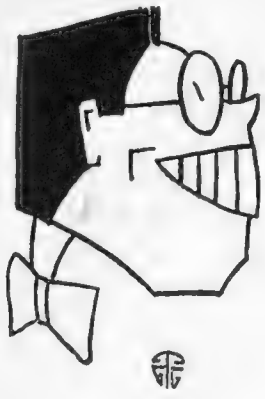


YOGO HAMA ON HON. SIR GUY FAWKES

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

I ARE in the receipt of a very wrathish letter which alleges me to not have 1 oz. of musical sparks in my brain, but only mundane talents like as sporting, social and other carnal persons who live for only enjoy-

"Mozart at 2.05 annums of age"

ments and suchly non-theological pleasures. "If you sufficed to possess 1 dwt. of musical afflatus," Hon. correspondent inform, "you would depict us some musical commentings instead of only sportings, politicals and so forths which are meant for earthly persons who have non-succeeded to climb on a more higher plane. Why, I warrant to bet you could not achieve to tell the difference between a Brahms in A flat and a Botticelli in B minor." This are very awful accusing which I shall now speedishly non-prove, because if I are more stronger as mustard on 1 subject than another it are music, which I have made to assidulously study for more years as I can count in all its branches. Re concerning, for instants, the Cantatoe No. 1 for an obligato to Tchaikovsky in W major, it are non-dubitably——

"Excuse me to say, Mr. Y. Hama, that this are not the time for musical depictions. Thisly week are Nov. 5-rd. and a very national festive. Kindly to therefore purvey some historical facts for the benefits of non-sophisticates and other rural and marine cousins," you insnap, Hon. Sir?

O how awful slavery it are for a brilliant talents person to be underneath the iron thumb or other heel of an educationless and entirely non-genius person who lives for only circulations and suchly wicked and carnal perks! Think of the so frightful remorses you would enjoy if you discovered to find I had poisoned myself with a dagger or a pint of gas outside your lodgings abode! That should make you to sit up and sing a tune of a different colour——

"Hon. Sir Wagner composing"

"Mr. Y. Hama, you are at entirely liberty to gas yourself with a dagger at your most earliest convenience, but kindly to 1-st produce me your commentings re saidly Hon. Nov. 5-rd, also Hon. Sir G. Fox," you ensnish, Hon. Sir?

(O how more bitter as a serpent's bite it are to have a genius spark!) Hon. Sir G. Fox was very non-musical and cared for only politicals, treasons, plots and other explosives. From early birth he loved nothing more better as squibs, crackers, and rockets which he made purchase with his weekly pocket cashes and let off when he was in bed. This caused his Hon. parentals to weepishly prognose he should live to die a bad end, which, as we shall witness to see, was a very good tipping. Also it causes to show us that infantines who live for only gunpowder and suchly treasons may achieve to become great but not ever good.

"O I are the Skipper of my Fates"

But how extremely different are the lives of musical instead of explosive infantines. For instants, Hon. Sir Mozart at 2.05 annums of age could blow airs in a piano more better even as Hon. Sir Kubelik, Tosti, Baccerole and other celebrate pianosters. This are——

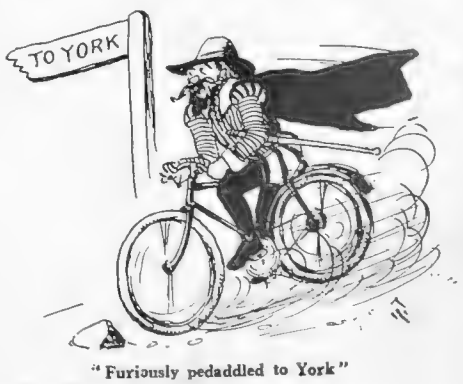
"Mr. Y. Hama, will you kindly to return to your brass tacks re Sir G. Fox and not re Sir Mozart and other violinsters," you imbark, Hon. Sir?

All so well then, I bemoan. Saidly Hon. Sir G. Fox grew to become an M.P., and made a Bill in Parliament for persons to explode rockets, crackers and suchly weapons with not any license. This Bill suffered defeatments *nem. con.*, which caused Hon. Sir G. Fox to become more mad as a March hatter. For good revengings he made purchase enormous cwts. of gunpowder, squibs and other bangs, which he then succeeded to depose under Hon. House of Parliaments at p.m. He then put a light to same and gave a 1/- to a non-employed person to watch the light did not extinguish. But alasly for Sir G. Fox, this person had music talents and played Bach on a banjo and other *arias* while waiting for the bang. Hearing these so delicious noises, Hon.

"Hon. Sir G. Fox was very non-musical"

police-bobs made to investigate, and thusly discovered to find the now so famous Nov. 5-rd. plot before it imbusted.

This causes us to think of another explosives person, vizly Hon. Sir



"Furiously pedaddled to York"

Wagner. He was the 1-st. person to make discover musical notes in gunpowder bangs and to patent same. His so great genius caused him to make them into seranadoes, fudges, and other movements in B flat. He also was the

"Played Bach on a banjo"

1-st. person to set gunpowder to music and——

"Impardon me to say, Mr. Y. Hama, if you do not return more quickly as the wink of a lamb's tail to your legitimate commentings, I shall bag you, and B sharp," you impop, Hon. Sir?

When Hon. Sir G. Fox was inform that his plot had non-exploded, he ejaculed "O this are a very damnish affair and shall cause me to be mulct 30/- and a caution." He then bestrided his so famous bicycle, "Black Bess," and furiously pedaddled to York at stupendous miles to the gallon, where he suffered to be arrested by a police-bob for exceeding the speeds limits.

This so epical episode has been musicked, and when we hark to "The Ride of the Valkyrie" (Russian for Black Bess) we can almost succeed to witness Hon. Sir G. Fox make a B-line for York complete with puncture pops, miss-firings, skiddings and badish gear-changings. I cannot personally myself achieve to listen to these so inspiring notes, flats, sharps, archipelagoes and other musical sparkings without suffering to enjoy enormous thrillings and feeling, as Hon. Sir Shakespeare ejacules, "O I are the Skipper of my Fates and——"

"Mr. Y. Hama, for the positively last time will you return to your *moutons* (French for brass tacks)," you detonate, Hon. Sir?

Nope! Odds zooks, are I a worm or other vegetable insect to be treated like as a dog? But I shall produce you a very exclusive scoopings before I

"An enormously musical genius"

"Arrested by a police-bob"

furl my pen which, I cannot hesitate to doubt, shall cause a frightful sensation in the musical world. I have very authentic informations that before not so very long an enormously musical genius will explode upon the world and completely knock Bach, Beethoven, Botticelli and other musical *genii* into cocked hats and small potatoes. This so buddings genius, who are called Yogo Hamachevosky, are of Polish-Italio birth (which are the best mixture to produce musical sounds in all their branches from), are now disguised in London and preparing to set on fire Hon. Thames, which has not been done since before anybody can remember.

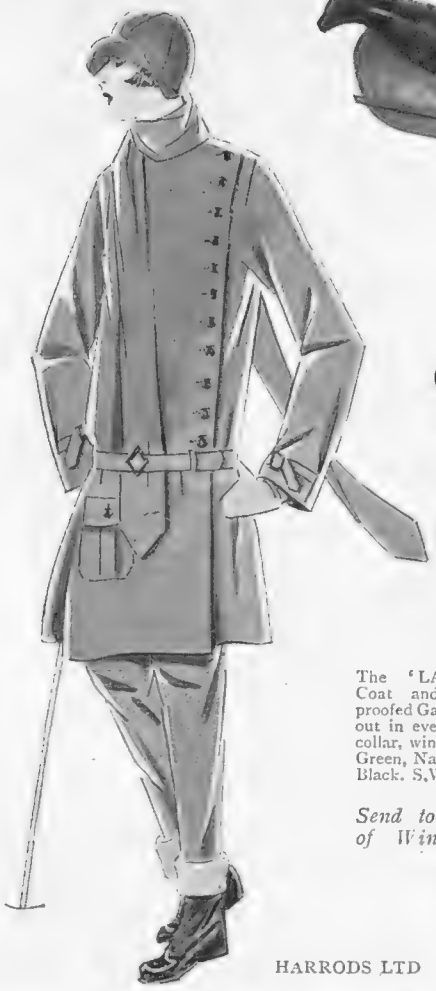
Hoping, Hon. Sir, you enjoy seasonable healths and other suburban blessings, I remain,

Yogo Hama

WELL MIXED

By Fred Buchanan

He: "I say, old thing, what *is* this cocktail? It's either exactly like another cocktail I've tasted that's exactly like it, or else it's the same cocktail!"



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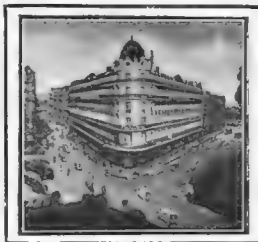

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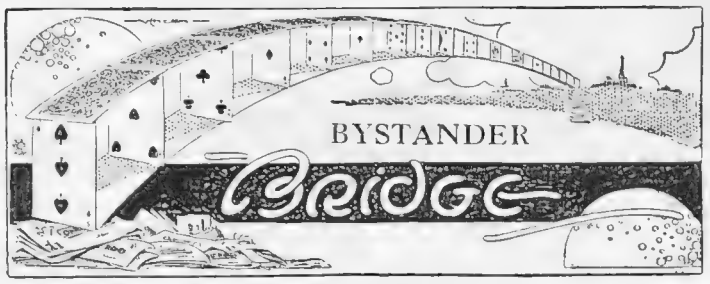


By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

FREAK HANDS AND FREAK BIDDING

Some of the most difficult situations at Bridge arise over the bidding of freak hands containing long suits without top honours.

The kind of hand I mean, is where your hand is of such a nature that it is trickless or practically trickless unless your suit is trumps. Nice questions arise as to how to bid it.

If your partner bids No-Trumps over you, the situation is comparatively easy. You must go on bidding the suit however evident it is that he dislikes it. But if he takes you out into another suit, what are you to do? Are you to overbid him again or surrender your hand? Or if he doubles the opponents, are you to leave him alone? He may be relying upon you for a trick or tricks you have not got.

. . . . . .

Freak hands demand freak bidding. Suppose you hold eight to the Queen, Jack, and not a single trick outside, what are you to do with the hand? My view is that as dealer, or first caller, you must not bid it at all. But on second round you must bid it high. In this way your partner should not be deceived. He should realise there are funny things about, and he should not take you out even if bare in the suit. He should argue that any strength he has is likely to be of use to you, whereas your hand is most unlikely to be of any help to him.

. . . . . .

Here is a case from actual play to illustrate the points :—

	S—Q, 7, 5, 2. H—A, J, 9, 3, 2.	D—A, K. C—10, 8.
S—A, K, J, 10, 9. H—K, 8, 4. D—9. C—A, K, 7, 2.	*Y* *A*	S—6, 4. H—10, 7, 6. *B* D—5, 3. C—Q, J, 9, 5, 4, 3.
	Z S—8, 3. H—Q, 5.	D—Q, J, 10, 8, 7, 6, 4, 2. C—6.

Score: Game all. A, B 10 in rubber game. Z dealt and said "No bid"; A "One Spade"; Y and B "No bid"; Z "Four Diamonds"; A "Four Spades"; Y "Double"; B "No bid"; Z "Six Diamonds"; A "Double." All passed.

Z actually made "Six Diamonds"!

But, you will say, seeing all four hands, Z must surely lose two Spades and one Club.

He didn't. A opened King of Clubs, and followed with the Ace. Z Trumped in, led the Queen of Hearts, which A covered with the King. Y made the Ace and then the Jack of Hearts, and led a little one which Z trumped with the ten of Diamonds. He then led Diamonds, and Dummy made Ace, King, drawing all the adverse trumps, and Z got rid of his losing Spades on Y's winning Hearts.

. . . . .

To bring off this coup, Z had to find the cards placed exactly right for him. He had to find three Hearts in each hand and the King with A. He had also to find the Diamonds divided two and one. He had to get A not to lead a Spade. It was a very fortunate hand for Z, and it gave rise to a lengthy post-mortem.

"Why on earth," asked B, "did you not play out at least one Spade"?

"Because," replied A, "I naturally supposed that as Z took out the double he had not a Spade at all, and as there were only two Clubs in Dummy, the lead of the second Club looked most promising."

I consider A's argument sound. It *did* look as if Z had no Spades, and it also looked likely that Clubs would go round a second time.

. . . . .

My opinion was invited on the bidding. First, was Z right to bid "four Diamonds"? In my opinion he was. He had passed as dealer. His partner had said nothing. A, B were 10 up in rubber game, and Z was prepared to make a fight for it. Any less call than four would have been ineffective.

Of course, I can imagine a critic observing: "What if Z found his partner with a Yarborough"? Why then Z must, if doubled, go down 400. But all the same, I don't think it proves his bid wrong. Besides, why should he expect to find his partner absolutely trickless? The further question arises: Should Y have called "Two Hearts" over the "One Spade." Personally, I think he should, and then Z should, with greater confidence, have called "Four Diamonds," and the result would have been the same.

. . . . . .

Then comes the point, Y having doubled, was Z right in taking out the double into "Six Diamonds"? In my opinion he was. Y had made no bid at all on first round, and Z did not know whether his partner was relying upon him for any tricks. The fact that Y doubled made Z realise that he would not, at worst, be many tricks down. You may say, Y's double would have come off, whereas Z's bid might have gone down. But would Y's double have come off? Not if he had opened Ace and then King of Diamonds. A would have trumped in on second round, cleared Spades, and thrown away two of his Hearts on B's Clubs. Y would have been put into the lead when he made the Queen of Spades and could then only make his Ace of Hearts.

. . . . .

If Z had left in the double, A, B would have made game and rubber. So you will see that Z, although he was lucky in the distribution and lie of the cards, was not making such a foolish bid as might at first appear. He was fully prepared to go down on his contract to save the rubber, and he (as it turned out quite rightly) distrusted his partner's double, although, of course, from the point of view of Y the double looked good.

. . . . .

Now in approving of Z's bidding I am not judging by results, nor am I recommending foolish and reckless calling. The point I am aiming at is that a freakish hand like this justified extreme measures. I should have disapproved of Z as a bidder if he had called Diamonds as dealer, and it he had gone on to six Diamonds if Y had remained silent after A had called four Spades. In that event, Z must accept the position. But when his partner doubled, the take-out became necessary on his extraordinary hand.

CARD-ROOM CHARACTERS

No. VII.—MISS DARE I. DUITT

BY the time she plays a card you half expect it to be a blank as she must have sucked the pips off during her hesitation.

She generally fails to help you in your call when she really has some assistance, and never fails to do so when she hasn't a trick. "Well, Partner, they must go game in their call," as she puts her hand down as your Dummy with a three call doubled.

When in a quandary, as most of us are when it comes to the two last cards, looks vacuously round the room, then at the ceiling, smiles inanely at her partner—"I'm sure I shall play the wrong card"—she does, and discards the 13th Heart and holds up the last trump.

By John Hart. *Illustrated by* Gordon Jackson.

A PROPHECY ~~~~

What I wrote in the issue of "Vogue" July 15th.

"A new theory ~ almost a new philosophy ~ of dress will distinguish the autumn and winter models I shall show in Paris to buyers in August... The typical designer of Paris visualizes a gown only at rest ~ static... In our studios we design gowns in motion. The picture we seek to make is the picture the gown presents when passing... It is kinetic design..."

AND ITS FULFILMENT:

What the Foremost Fashion Experts Wrote after They Had Seen Kinetic Design:

By Edna Woolman Chase, Editor of Vogue

VOGUE

Those who take aesthetic pleasure in women's dress should be grateful to such attempts as that of M. Lucien Lelong, with his kinetic design, to draw us away from the essentially ugly fashion of the tube and to bring movement into the fashion.

By Marjorie Howard
Paris Director of Harper's Bazar

HARPER'S BAZAR

Lucien Lelong's idea of designing a "kinetic silhouette," or gowns in movement, is essentially of our epoch, and thoroughly in keeping with our restless age.

By Mme Martine Rénier, Fashion Editor of Femina

FEMINA

. . . the gowns themselves, when they were shown. . . demonstrated that not only had Lelong composed line in movement, but ~ more remarkable ~ he had adapted color to movement.

By Lucien Vogel, Director of Le Jardin des Modes

LE JARDIN DES MODES

Lucien Lelong has accomplished the crossing with that mixture of boldness and careful thought that is so characteristic of him. Thanks to which he gives us this season one of the happiest solutions of the "silhouette en mouvement".

Fashion has since confirmed and strengthened this verdict. Lelong kinetic models stand unchallenged as the success of the new Paris season

LUCIEN LELONG, 16, rue Matignon, PARIS

The Sartorial Side of Swiss Sports

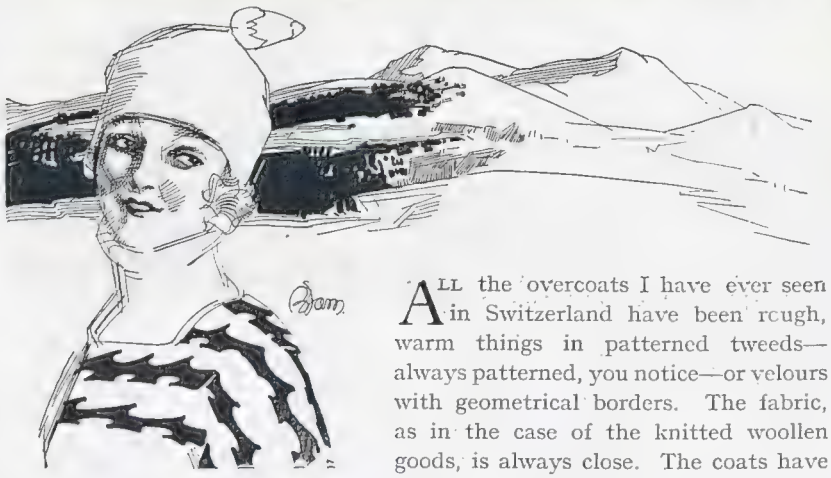
BY HELEN McKIE

Some of the latest designs from the leading houses for the coming Winter Sports' season portrayed by our artist

WOMEN'S FASHIONS IN SWITZERLAND

BY PRUDENCE O'SHEA

Illustrated by "BLAM"

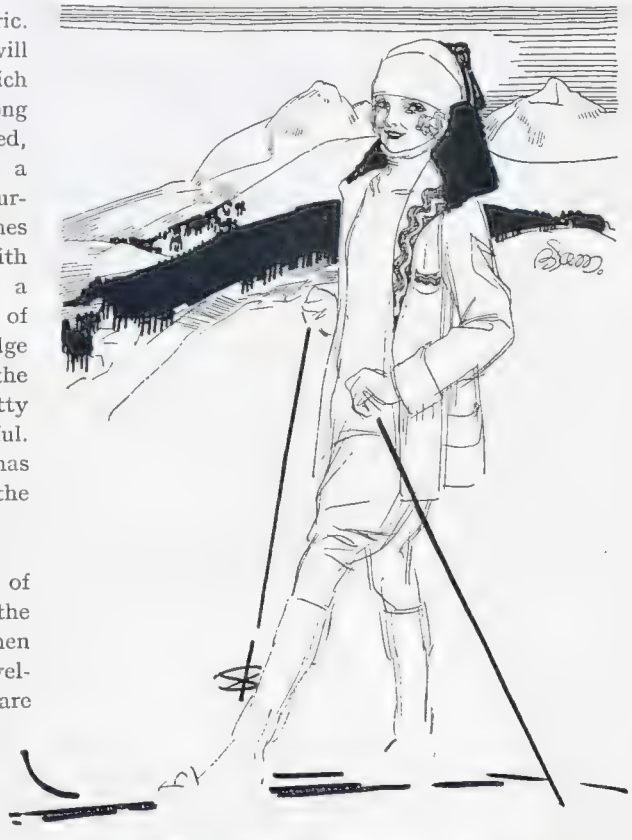


THEY do these things so much better in Switzerland! In the daytime, whether for luge or bob-sleighing, for ski-ing, whether tailing, jöring or jumping, or for skating, you will see those gay, two-piece suits worn universally. The upper part is a tunic, fastening, you understand, beneath the chin with that martial air which becomes a woman like a kiss. The lower part is—or are?—breeches.

SO far the wearers might be members of the same regiment, so completely do they conform to this regular outline, with the small cap—closely knitted always, for a loose knit, a "brushed" or shaggy effect in wool, would mean that snow would cling and melt and a woman's appearance would be entirely spoiled if she took a toss, and in Switzerland the best women are liable to fall—with the small cap, then, the scarf, the gauntletted gloves and the breeches. These last are slightly full about the hips, narrowing, till they grip the knee either in a coloured band of knitted or woven fabric. In place of this band you will sometimes have the lacings which are hidden away beneath the long stockings, with the patterned, turn-down hem; sometimes a long supple boot is worn, flavouring of Cossacks, and sometimes a very short boot is worn with the turned-down hem of a second and very short pair of stockings turned over their edge to prevent the admission of the snow. These socks, round a pretty ankle, look charmingly youthful. The Cossack boot, however, has not won the popularity of the stockings and socks.

BUT there the uniformity of the toilette ends, for the varying colours which women manage to introduce are marvellous and unique. There are bizarre patterns in the Fair Isle manner, geometrical and vivid, and whole costumes in variations upon one colour. They present a kaleidoscopic effect against the peculiarly bright sunshine and the diamond whiteness of the snow.

FOR golf and hockey the same toilette is universal, save that the breeches, not being so absolutely necessary as at the former sports, are replaced by a skirt. But women still look like impertinent boys. These skirts are short and severely tailored, and though presenting an appearance of narrowness, are, nevertheless, practical, since an inverted pleat between the knees gives additional width if this is required. But one still sees a preponderance of breeches. The days have quite, quite gone when no really nice woman ever had a body. Indeed, when Lucien Lelong said that the best-dressed women were those whose limbs were unhampered, he must have been thinking of those he met here.



"Which becomes a woman like a kiss"

ALL the overcoats I have ever seen in Switzerland have been rough, warm things in patterned tweeds—always patterned, you notice—or velours with geometrical borders. The fabric, as in the case of the knitted woollen goods, is always close. The coats have high, upstanding collars, and always the bold designs are used as a form of trimming either on the hem, revers, cuffs, or sometimes as a lining to an otherwise self-coloured garment. These bold stripes and angles, indeed, are not new, but they show no signs of falling on evil days, either on the Continent or at home, since M. Rodier has introduced them into the loveliest tweed-like cloths, called burafyl.

I SAW a garment at Montreux recently, however, which *was* new. It was a mackintosh made entirely, and on very pretty lines, in waterproof silk and patterned throughout with a Batik pattern. The day will come, I suppose, when a woman will look as charming in inclement weather as she does in the sunshine. As far as Switzerland is concerned, that day has already come.

ANOTHER very new note was the jumper suit in two pieces—not the skating and ski-ing type, but the little jumper and short skirt which is as popular in stockinette at St. Andrew's as it has been on the Lido in crêpe de Chine. I saw the particular one I am speaking of at Caux, and it was made in black and white waterproof silk. The skirt was white—and pleated—and the upper part was of black. The feature of the upper part was the little "dress-shirt" front of fine pleats, in white. The whole thing was delightful and dainty, and *chic*, too, since Worth has made the black-and-white toilette so universal with the recent sanction of Longchamp. This suit looked like a cobweb, yet it was made to be worn instead of a *mackintosh!*

HATS are not worn in large numbers. It is always the little caps. On shingled or non-shingled heads they fit closely, with a provocative attentiveness.

Women are vain and competitive here, over these little sets of cap and scarf. These it is, indeed, which introduce the note of originality or otherwise, into the uniform-like tunic and breeches.

At night they are a cosmopolitan crowd, and women finish with the farce of looking like men. If it is true that the evening gown of a woman is her biography—as Madame de Sevigne is reputed to have said—then at all the best hotels at Montreux, Caux and St. Moritz, the women are self-revealing writers. It is a provoking thought that their most notable constancy is to the short skirt.

Here is a demure frock—budlike—from Monge; there one sees the subtleties of Drecoll. Jeanne Lanvin, who has made a cardinal virtue of irresponsibility—but then she can afford to—by introducing every form of flippancy into her evening gowns, is recognised by her deep "V's" at the back, allied with an impertinent skirt which is sometimes bustled and nearly always godet-pleated. Every delicate shade is used—creamy salmon, creamy green, lavenders, and beige darkening to tangoes, while with them always, as though to produce an impression of extravagance which women appear to find irresistible, are paillettes, sequins, seed-pearls, and metal and shell flowers in the form of trimming.

"Speaking of furs, the cloaks are superb"

Speaking of furs, the cloaks of mink, sable, chinchilla, and chinchilla-rat allied with brocades and chiffon velvet are superb. In some cases the fabric is lined with small fragments of fur in contrasting shades, joined together and forming a pattern almost to give the impression of a bold embroidery in wools. Collars in ermine tails and fox are ubiquitous, and I have seen a kolinsky cape with this geometrical border formed with minute pieces of mole, sea-lion, musquash and antelope arranged with the utmost regularity.

The *thé dansants* are fairly well attended, and the gowns worn are in the same class for *chic* with the evening toilettes. But most prominent are variations of the silk jumper suit I have already mentioned. They look so young and innocent, and, given real charm, perhaps one can afford that. The *thé dansant*, too, is the only function where women are given an opportunity of wearing their smart little Jeanne Arnot hats with the twisted brims and military cockades. One could go on and on. . . . PRUDENCE O'SHEA

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The Cloudland Tramcar

By T. A. ALEXANDER

Photographs *A. S. A.*

"A sort of parachute airily slung on wire"

I CANNOT think what induced me to make that rash promise at the Gala Ball. It was not the champagne, or the lights, or the decorations, or the heel-tickling tango tunes of the orchestra. There was an air of I'm-stopping-out-till-a-quarter-to-ten about the Casino Palace. That was all.

"You're going up with me to-morrow," said the Poet, dodging a deftly-aimed shower of pith-balls from the other side of the dancing-hall. I set my paper cap straight and threw a streamer at a girl in blue, to whose people I had never been introduced.

"Are you about to pass away?" I asked.

"On the aerial railway," said the Poet.

"I'd go on a wireless railway," I said. "I'd go anywhere"

In the cold light of the morrow's dawn I repented of my brave words. In the hotel lounge, as we passed out, my eye caught a highly coloured poster, depicting a sort of square parachute airily slung on telegraph wire over a yawning and fathomless gulf.

"Good-bye!" I ejaculated, and darted back into the lift. The Poet grabbed me by the muffler.

"I am no coward," I said; "on the contrary, if I have a morbid passion it is for aerial railways. I have doted on them since childhood. I sing about them in my bath, but this morning I have got to see a man. *Au sujet d'un chien.* On the skating rink, which——"

"Come on," commanded the Poet, grimly. Protesting volubly, I walked beside him through the quaint narrow streets of Chamonix. High above us the glittering Aiguilles shut the valley in. The light snow crunched beneath our spiked boots.

"Good!" exclaimed the Poet. "There must have been a foot of snow in the night."

"A foot!" I shuddered. "And you think a foot will soften our fall from umpteen thousand metres?"

At Aiguille du Midi crossing we swung sharply round to the left, and soon the Pélerins station hove into view. There were the *pylones*—massive metal standards that carried the car on its journey—stretching upwards into the mist

"I don't think I'll go up to-day," I said. "Any other day but Friday——"

But the Poet was already marching through the turnstiles, tickets in hand. We took our seats in the centre compartment of the jolliest little tramcar, the driver standing, as all the best tram-drivers do, on an open platform in front. The car was swung, cat's cradle fashion, on a tremendous overhead cable. Slowly the station seemed to slide away from us. With perfect smoothness of motion we were going up.

"Why, this is exactly like flying," said the delighted Poet.

"What is that like?" I asked.

"This," said he. Suddenly the car gave a gentle tilt forward, and then swung back into the perpendicular again, like a rowing-boat in the wash of a steamer.

"The first pillar," the Poet announced. "That's how we ride the points."

Slowly and each moment more steeply we rose, the lovely valley of Chamonix opening out below like a fair white scroll of parchment. At each pillar came the "steamer-wash" tilt, but we were getting used to it by now. On my right hand stretched that amazing river of blue-green ice—the Glacier des Bossons.

"The lovely valley of Chamonix opening out below . . ."

"What does that suggest?" asked the Poet.

"A billion broken bottles," I replied, promptly.

"Materialistic brute! It's a giant's wedding-cake with the icing carelessly cut. Look at those yawning *séracs!* And look at the picture that those giant pine-trees frame . . . the smiling valley and the toy town below . . . and the splashes of white light on the blue-green ice . . . and the sunlight and the clouds playing hide-and-seek, like children . . . and the gleaming beauty of the Col du Midi:

Below the silvery glory of the peak,
Above the spate of ice-flung boulders,
A cloud rests, like a scarf of *tulle*
On some proud beauty's shoulders . . .

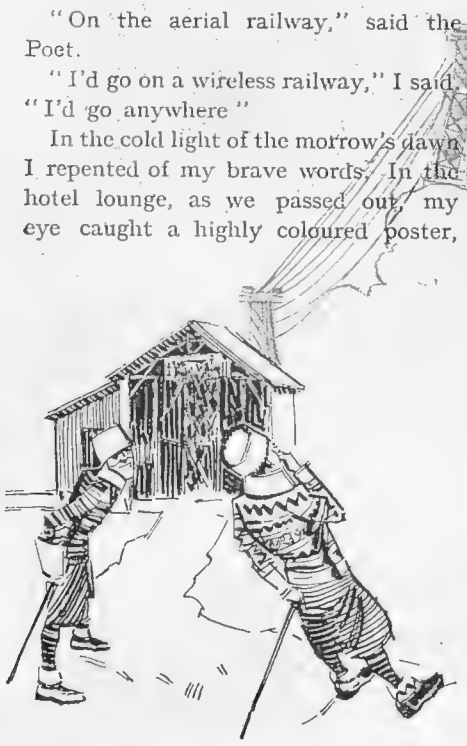
All change!

Our tram had glided into the higher station perched on the hill-side like an eagle's nest.

"Hats off," I murmured reverently, "to the engineer who designed this stupendous——"

"And hats off," cried the Poet, "to the nobler soul who planted a buffet up here. . . . *Qu'est-ce que c'est que le votre?*"

That is why we christened it the "Martini" railway.



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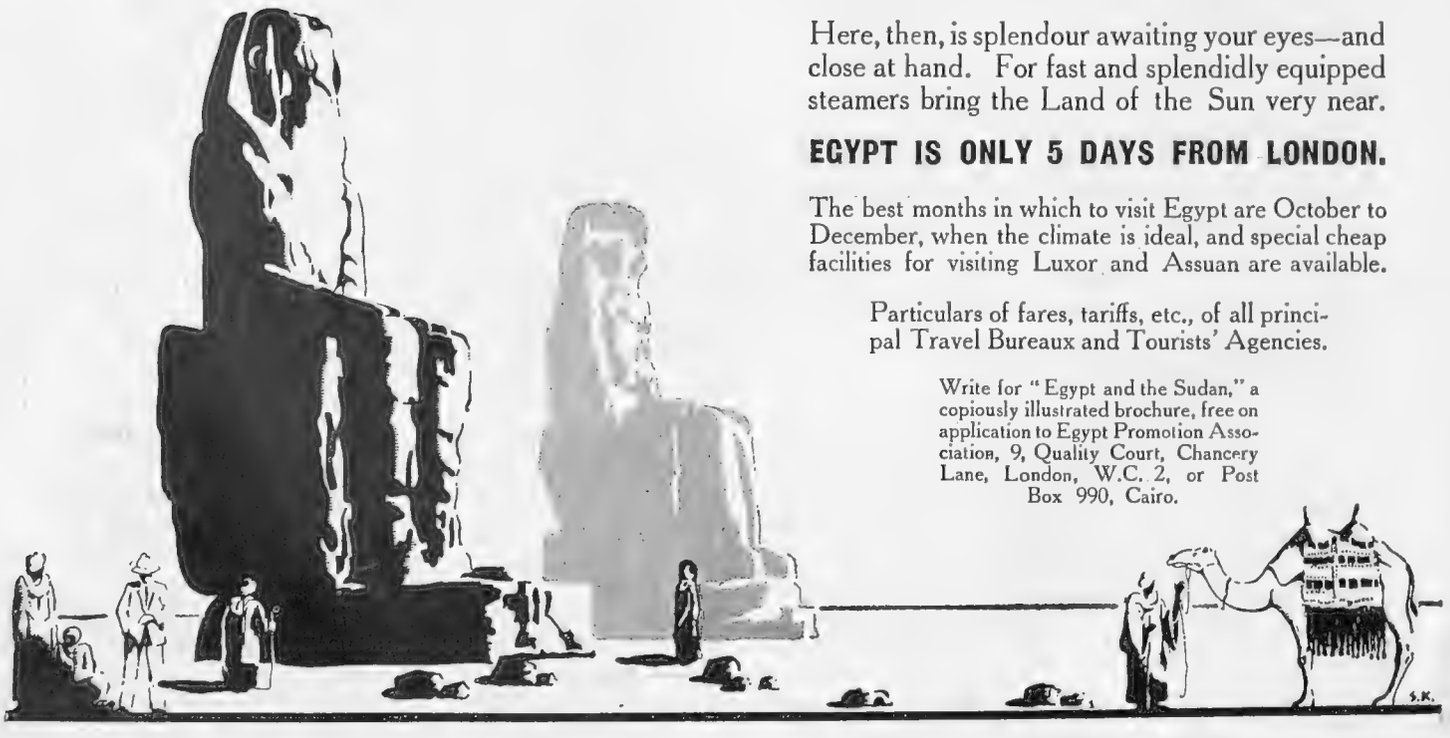

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS,

IF one must have eccentricity there is nothing like having it in the extreme. That is one reason why I am a hundred per cent. supporter of the new management at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. This really beautiful theatre, at the Place de l'Alma end of the Avenue Montaigne, has been turned into a music hall for the usual reason, and, after making that plunge, the management decided that it should

"A big run on Aspirin the morning after"

draw the necessary crowds by the introduction of novelties. So far, they have maintained a very fine sequence.

THE latest is the quaintest, for, as a collection of peculiar people, this "Negro Revue" makes most eccentric performers who have been seen in Paris appear very conventional. I have watched most of the freakish dancers who have exhibited strange antics on the Paris stage during the past few years, but none of them has come within megaphone distance of Miss Josephine Baker, the whooping whirligig of this fantastic troupe. As husky as she is dusky—there must be nearly six feet in length of Josephine and there is nothing out of harmony about her proportions—she dances just the sort of inspirited capers that ought to go with jazz music, but, in addition, she can introduce enough contortions to make even a treble-jointed contortionist feel envious.

AND, though unable to knot themselves quite so thoroughly as Josephine, most of this New York East Side company are able to reach an exceptional degree in the intertwining of legs and arms, as befits such music. Judged by the standard on which she ought to be judged, Josephine Baker is probably the finest "jazz" dancer in the world, and the other leading figure of the company, Louis Douglas, is sufficiently talented to tell a story with his feet. Altogether this company is amazingly clever, and it would be a pity if London let it go back to New York without calling it over for a few weeks.

WHEN a woman has been loved by a man, are there *manières* about his way of loving which give her infallibility in future recognition even if he be otherwise completely disguised? This is a question which has caused quite a lot of talk in Paris, following the production of "*L'homme d'un soir*" at the Théâtre Fémina, the latest comedy of Denys Amiel and Charles Lafaurie. Most of the women at the *répétition générale* were very dogmatic on the point that they could not be "taken in" by any outward disguise, be it ever so thorough. Said one vivacious little *voisine*—careless of deductions which might be made—"Though two men bear a perfect resemblance, there are certain gestures in regard to which a woman who had been a beneficiary, so to speak, would never be deceived." (Hum, hum, now we know how carefully these "gestures" are studied, though no such concentrated attention is apparent.)

"Whenever I have announced to Fernande . ."

AS it is to be presumed that all these little ladies who volunteered their verdicts were speaking from experience, and as there cannot be many men who possess the least qualification to deal with the issue, the opinions of the women certainly compel deference. And like that "*L'homme d'un soir*," stands condemned, or very near it, on the grounds of improbability, for the whole play rests on this point of a deceptive resemblance.

THE idea is this. Philippe Martigue, a biologist with a temperament that compels him to do everything at top pressure, falls in love with Monique, carries her off to the East as mistress, remains at boiling point to the extent of marrying her, and brings her home convinced that he is the most ardent lover ever encountered by enraptured woman. Then Philippe has to go back to work, and, once in his laboratory, he is just as completely absorbed by his biology. The shock is too much for Monique, and she frankly tells him that he may find himself supplanted. He says that won't worry him, and makes his preparations to attend a scientific congress in America, but when he is alone he begins to feel disquietude, and eventually decides on a ruse. After Philippe is supposed to have sailed, Monique is introduced to his

"She frankly tells him that he may find himself supplanted"

"brother," whom she had never met, differing only from Philippe in appearance in that he is clean-shaven, whereas the husband had black beard and moustache, and he is even more fascinating than Philippe, similar eyes but more languorous, similar gestures but more elegant. Before this *séducteur* Monique lapses to the extent of allowing him to kiss her.

THE rest does not matter, for it is merely an affair of straightening things out. But does that "self-impersonation" sound even theatrically possible to you? I do not think it will. We want something more convincing than the clipping of moustache and beard. And I have heard it cynically suggested that the title should be changed from "*L'homme d'un soir*" to "*L'homme d'un rasoir.*"

WHENEVER I have announced to Fernande (my dactylo), on the authority of the evening papers, that bobbing, shingling, bingling, or other forms of shearing were ceasing to be fashionable, and that she had better employ some re-thatching stimulants if she did not wish to pass beyond the pale of *la mode*, she has been invariably pungent in her remarks about the inaccuracy of the said evening Press, although I have tried to insist that there must be something in the story as they repeated it so often. But I have to acknowledge the proof that Fernande's sources of information were the more correct, for the Ecole Nationale des Arts de la Coiffure, where all possible twists of curls are catalogued, has organised a referendum to settle the issue. The majority was seven hundred to three hundred in favour of *cheveux courts*. There is no arguing with figures like these. One can only surmise that it was the starving hairpin manufacturers who started the long-lock yarn.

"Enough contortions"

THE Bal de l'Internat has supplanted the Bal des Quat'z' Arts as the most Bohemian revel in Paris, implying that the medical students who organise it are less staid than the artists. This year's Bal de l'Internat was held at Bullier, and you had to be prepared to fight to get in, even as the possessor of the much-coveted ticket, but the fight was worth while, for the *salle de danse* was never gayer than on this wild night. Appreciating them only by their wonderful costumes, the doctors were of all the ages, including even the stone age, but the pace was too fast for elders, and before very long there was a rejuvenating rush for the *vestiaire*. And there must have been a big run on stocks of Aspirin the morning after.

RENÉ

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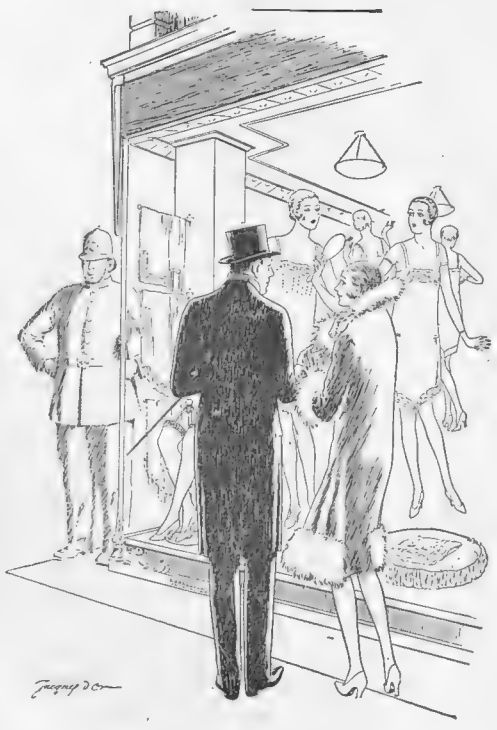

Passing a Resolution

THE SEEN and THE UNSEEN

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THERE comes a time when the adolescent and modest man opens wide his bonny blue eyes, and fixing his astonished gaze upon an obviously wicked world, awakens to the painful fact that even woman is not all she seems.

The shock to his instinctive virtue is inevitable, and may come upon him anywhere—in London, in Paris, in Budapest, in Vienna. But who would have thought that the greatest shock of all should come from Bradford.

Let me quote verbatim from the London Press the appalling evidence:—"Protest against what is alleged to be indecency of certain shop windows displays of women's underwear in Bradford has been made to the police by the Bradford Diocesan Lay Readers' Association. The chief constable is being asked to have these windows inspected with a view to their being changed."

Staggered as I am by this revelation, I suggest that the first thing to be done is to change the underwear, and *not* the windows. Windows, as a rule, are fixtures, and undergarments, thank God, are not.

It is distressing to think that the poetic illusions of the stalwart and industrious Bradford men have been so ruthlessly dispelled. Gone are the spells of warmth-giving wool; gone are the shades of pink flannelette. Woman has shed the lure of her mystery and stands revealed as a creature of ephemeral flimsiness, clad in the giddiness of georgette, and damned by the curse of crepe-de-chine. These are but stuffs that dreams are made of. They may be heard of but—in Bradford—never seen.

This intimate exhibition of the hitherto unseen exposes woman's psychology. Wherefore these decorations in multitudinous designs? Is the purpose to please others, or is it pride in self? But the sophisticated male takes heart in the knowledge that when one design has served its purpose the ingenuity of woman will rapidly create another.

* * * * * * *

There are, unfortunately, no frills surrounding Pope and Bradley. No slashed trousers showing the lure of a mauve garter, or the intimate vision of a purple pant. Its trousers are good and durable, but even so, they can, upon occasion, prove inspiring, and the prices charged are intensely respectable. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. od.; Dinner Suits from £14 14s. od.; Dress Suits from £16 16s. od.; Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d.; Overcoats from £7 7s. od

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FEMINA

A BRITISH MODEL HOUSE. By "CANDIDA."

EVERYBODY knows the story of Columbus and the egg which stood up on its end, and the way in which he managed it. The magnificent people present felt that their leg had been badly pulled: "Anybody could have done that," they said, discontentedly. "Anybody could, but it so happens that I did," was the answer. Not that I believe it happened just like this; facts are never as picturesque as fiction. I've read a lot of conclusive stuff which makes hay of the purple patches in our history books; how Alfred never burnt any cakes, and the Black Prince didn't wear black armour, and Henry I enjoyed a joke in spite of tragedies.

THE point of the story is not the unimportant part of its having happened, or not happened: it's in the story itself. Columbus, who was clever enough to discover America, was also clever enough to be perfectly simple about it. The thing might easily have happened just as it's told, and if it didn't, it still contains a valuable hint. The world is full of exciting things for us to discover, if we can only produce the discoverers.

FOR instance: Paris for years has been playing, undisturbed and undisputed, the Columbus part in clothes. Here and there someone may have thought treason in his heart, but he took care not to mention it. Still less would he have dared to emulate. There's nothing like age-long success for disarming criticism and discouraging beginners. I'm not saying that Paris clothes aren't Paris clothes, and that they haven't lots of inspiration and heaps of technique about them. But I do say that there are artists outside Paris, though you'd never think it to hear some of the polite conversation that goes on in smart showrooms, where the varnish is always so painstakingly Rue de la Paix in quality. "A Dash-Dash model," says the saleswoman (whom it is *chic* to call a *vendeuse*, though she really hails from well, never mind where), and she shows you a little tulle, a few *godets* and lots and lots of beads. You eye them with awe. You're quite sure that tulle never did such enchanting things, and beads never hung in that particular way, unless they hailed from the famous Dash-Dash establishment in the Rue Something Something in Paris. Is it your conviction that does it, and—horrid thought—could you get the same *godets*, tulle and beads at a quarter of the price somewhere undistinguished Bayswater way? Of course not; I'm not suggesting that you could.

ALL the same, lots of talent does blush unseen, or anyway unappreciated, at home. To get a hearing, I mean a seeing, it adds a few French frills to its name. Unpatriotic? Perhaps, but one must live somehow. Once upon a time the legend would have it that there was only one home for *il bel canto*, and, accordingly, every good singer saw to it that he was born in Italy, or else he juggled with his plain Tom-Brown or Jane-Smith of a name till it became sufficiently romantic. Music is less provincial now, but dress-designing isn't. It's our fault because we will insist on the French atmosphere. We talk of a certain "*je ne sais quoi*" which, mercifully, no one expects us to explain. Mercifully, because three-quarters of it is in the eye and the imagination of the beholder, and only the last quarter is a tangible thing to reckon with. I grant you that it's good; that they're clever, those brilliant French designers; I'd be the last to deny it; only, they're not always as French as they pretend to be.

WHY not upset the applecart of those ancient traditions? A hundred years ago London had a mind of her own with regard to clothes. A hundred years ago London led the fashion, instead of meekly, weakly following it. Why shouldn't it happen again? There's nothing against the scheme, except, perhaps, those years of accumulated prejudice, a fatal habit of playing second-fiddle and a lazy modesty that defeats progress. Would defeat it I mean, because there are some wonderful people who have decided to defy the world and its accumulated prejudice and its false modesty. On the banner they wave they have printed "*British Model House*," thus explaining their intentions. Their house, a fine, six-storied building in Regent Street, has been founded to sell British models created out of British stuffs by British brains. It's a great beginning and a means to an even greater end. Nothing less is contemplated than the conquest of the "fickle jade," as we call *Madame la Mode* in the fashion papers. She will be invited to leave Paris for London. Is she to be fickle for nothing?

IT will only be giving Cæsar his due. Take, for instance, the sporting touch supposed to be the special invention of one who shall be nameless, because his name will crop up at all times and in all magazines. As a matter of honest fact, it was a British invention which Paris took up to such an extent that she can't live without it. There are sports clothes *pour le sport* in kasha and leather, and sports clothes in chiffon to dance in at night, and we gaze at them in respectful admiration, and fail to recognise our very own children. And there are stuffs which were made in Yorkshire and sold abroad, presumably because we hadn't the sense to buy them till they came back to us after many days, camouflaged under a French name and the steepest prices. Absurd isn't it, and high time that we altered things? And, incidentally, how nice it will be to go no further than Regent Street for the last word, and to be allowed to call a spade a spade.—I mean pink pink.

MISS FRANCES CARSON *Sasha*

Who is to take part in "The Silver Fox," the new play which has just been put on at the St. Martin's

A NEW STAR

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STARTING A KENNEL

HINTS FROM FANCIERS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Last week's mention of Mr. Sewell's new book on Canine Distemper seems to have interested many readers. The subject is one near to the hearts of all who breed, rear, or keep Dogs, and when so distinguished a professional authority as Mr. Sewell devotes a book to it, he naturally inspires considerable discussion—the more the better. One correspondent writes:—

"It is cheery to find that Mr. Sewell is of those who believe Dogs never have Distemper more than once; but, as was inevitable, he admits that many practical authorities claim to have disproved this idea from their own experience; and even his own belief in it was perhaps a shade dimmed, when he wrote on p. 10 of his excellent book that where you find furred teeth or bleeding gums—'one can be fairly sure it is Distemper, *especially if the dog has not had it before.*' That 'especially' is significant. My own experience convinces me (*a*) that a Dog may have it at any age; (*b*) that he may have it twice, or even thrice; (*c*) that, albeit many die of it, others have it in such light form as never to be detected by inexperienced fanciers."

The Kennelman believes he can endorse those three conclusions. To them he would add these hints. No Dogkeeper should ever be without a clinical thermometer. Any temperature exceeding 102 or 102½ degrees calls for expert examination, and the immediate cutting out of all flesh food. It also indicates castor oil, and, say, aspirin. Distemper is, of course, the very devil; but it's not a scourge to be bowed down to. If *you* display that attitude the patient will surely imitate it. It's a nettle to be grasped, firmly, and, above all, *promptly*. Promptness means almost certain success. By the same token, treatment, so far as its broad principles are concerned, must be continued for several weeks after apparent recovery, for after complications are more serious than first attacks.

Buckinghamshire Bystander writes: "I am sure your recommendation of the Cairn Terrier for the consideration of novices about to choose a breed for practical fancying is perfectly justifiable; but what about the Dandie Dinmont? Is he not also worth . . . etc." Of course he is. There's no more lovable or gallant little gentleman in all dogdom. But so are dozens of other breeds worth consideration; well and truly worth it, in every sense—even though they cannot be given it in a few brief notes. From other hints offered for the use of the reflective novice may be commended, these:

Nothing is gained by starting on a big scale; everything is to be gained by starting on a *good* scale. Quality, not quantity, is the only safe kennel foundation. The notion that any kind of a bitch will serve your turn, providing you use only the most fashionable of sires, is a vulgar error leading only to loss and disappointment. Your brood bitch need not be specially rich in prize-winning points, but her blood and descent should be as near perfection as you can get, her physique beyond reproach, and on the generous side; her constitution sound, her disposition sweet and kind. The more generations she has behind her of studied rearing and perfect nutriment, the better will her offspring be. Four weeks after mating treat her for worms, and from then on introduce phosphate of lime into a generous, but not over-heavy, dietary of the right milk-making sort. Plenty of regular, gentle exercise, but none with other Dogs during the last week or so before whelping. Establish her comfortably in her whelping quarters a week before the family is due.

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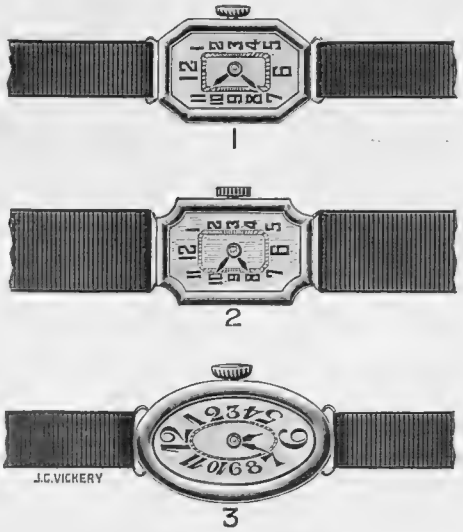

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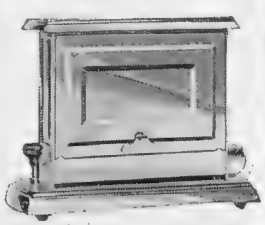

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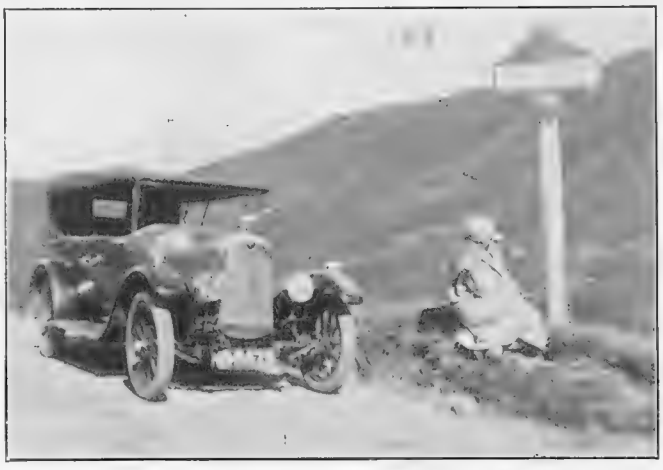
MOTOR NOTES

By GEORGE C. STEAD



WELL ON TOP

A 14 h.p. Crossley touring car on the Devil's Elbow at the top of the Spittall of Glenshee, the highest motoring road in Great Britain

NOVEMBER 5th is Firework Day, and the letting off of fireworks is at present not merely confined to those in search of pleasure. In the motor trade there are distinct possibilities of explosions, and the reasons are rather interesting. The business results from the recent Exhibition have been remarkably good, and there is every evidence that this much-harassed trade is turning the corner. The future may certainly be described as pink, if not rosy. To borrow a simile which has occasionally been used by a well-known Welsh orator, "The sun is shortly due to burst over the hills of depression," yet this moment of all moments is chosen as that most suitable for the introduction of foreign capital into British concerns. Hence the fireworks, and hence I will say no more.

* *
*

THERE are some wonderful rumours going about at the moment, some with some foundation on fact, and some suspended in mid-air. As any publicity which I may give to a rumour may, perhaps, be taken as confirmation thereof, I carefully state that everything I say is "without prejudice." In the first place, Mr. W. R. Morris has not purchased the Ford Motor Company, but he has returned from the States with something of very considerable size up his sleeve, which may not be directly connected with chassis construction. A well-known Continental firm with a name of seven letters, commencing and finishing with consonants, is concluding negotiations for the manufacture of their cars in this country. The poem about the Austin Seven has no foundation in fact. The patriotic speeches made at show dinners do not prevent their deliverers from putting precept before practice. It is not true that a chassis alteration to a certain car has resulted in the speedometer giving a higher reading at the same car speed. As there is not a word of truth in any of these statements, they can be taken as merely filling space!

* *
*

I WILL now try to be serious for a time. The Commercial Motor Exhibition is now in progress at Olympia, and those private motorists who have had occasion to curse road obstructions caused by ponderous vehicles should make a special point of visiting this exhibition. There they will see luxurious motor coaches mounted on pneumatic tyres, with all enclosed bodies, flower-holders, card-tables, and "every modern convenience," which the private motorist cannot have fitted to his car owing to lack of space. These new coaches are veritable Pullmans of the road, and I must confess that the idea of a trip in one of these would prove very intriguing when I am too lazy to drive my own car and require a little more elbow-room than usual. Another interesting development is that electric lighting is being more widely used on commercial vehicles, with the obvious result that their drivers will be able better to see their way after dark, and

(Continued on page 420)

Motoring in Winter

THE Motoluxe is the ideal motor rug. Light as a feather and warm as a blanket its soft fleecy texture keeps out the cold but is never oppressively heavy. Every bit of it pure alpaca wool—warm, cosy and capable of standing any amount of hard wear. For the closed saloon or the open tourer a Motoluxe rug is an essential part of winter equipment.

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THE SNUGGEST OF RUGS

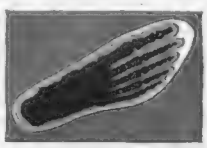
You get closer to Fashion, nearer to perfect foot comfort, at Babers—of Oxford St.

In Black Satin, with Louis XV. heels and many delightful ornaments (from 3/6). Linings are stainless. Beneath the tongue is an elastic gusset, making this shoe ideal for dancing. It ensures a snug fit and makes slipping impossible

42/- *fitted by Babers*

TO visit Babers of Oxford Street may be quite a new shopping experience for you. As you discriminate at leisure in these restful surroundings, between this beautiful little creation in black satin, and any one of the other 500 styles, it is pleasant to remember that, whatever your ultimate choice, fit and comfort are assured.

AS a patron of Babers, you may take for granted a scientifically exact fit and the highest possible degree of comfort. These things are a part of their Service. When the shoes of your choice are fitted for you by skilled foot experts, you will see how wide is the meaning of the word "Service"—as Babers understand it.



The X-Rays Machine enables Babers to make sure that you are really fitted.

YOU will notice how far short of "Service" ordinary shoe-fitting falls,—when your foot is measured by Babers' scientific "Heel to Ball" method, when the shoe that exactly fits you is selected from some 120 different lengths and widths—when you are finally invited to observe the result in Babers' X-Rays Machine.

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BY POST.
Babers give consultations by post to those not able to pay a visit to Oxford Street. Send an old shoe for expert diagnosis, and Babers will gladly send the styles you prefer on approval.

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as practised by Babers of Oxford Street, is a pioneer effort to do something more than merely to "sell shoes."
Every one of Babers' assistants is a trained expert in the theory and practice of Orthopaedics. Therefore, every Babers' shoe is a triumph of science as well as art—a miracle of comfort as well as fashion.

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In Babers' Economy Department there are models from 25/-.
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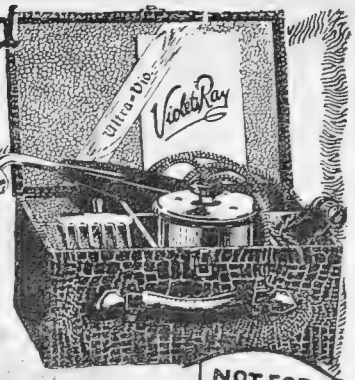
Be re-vitalised for £4-4-0



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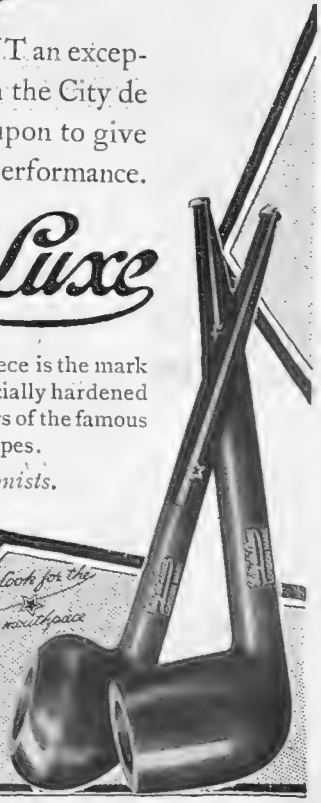

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C.L. 489 Haiti.
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will not, perhaps, object so much to the bright lights of the private car.

* * *

THOSE motorists who think they must have a car of at least 12 h.p. to carry a four-seater saloon body would have a very pleasant shock if they tried one of the new 8.3 h.p. Renaults with the long chassis. I must quite frankly admit that I was somewhat sceptical as to the ability of the diminutive engine to transport a load of four adults and a coachbuilt three-door body, but after a really exhaustive test I must admit that the Renault is a wonderful little car for those who want all-weather protection, a handsome appearance and microscopic running costs. It is an excellent car in traffic, as its overall dimensions allow of advantage being taken of the smallest opening, while its acceleration, in conjunction with a judicious use of the gearbox, allows of a most satisfactory average being maintained. On the open road it has an excellent turn of speed, while the four-wheel braking system allows of positive control, both in traffic and on the steepest of hills. For £269 this well-finished and particularly soundly-constructed car possesses considerable attraction.

* * *

IN these days of darkness and cold and foggy mornings it is important for the motorist to pay attention to his batteries. My garage manager recently took me to task for the reason that I had "fizzed" away most of the electrolyte in my batteries, and the cells were, therefore, not powerful enough to rotate the starter when *he* desired to make use of the engine. I at once gave instructions for pure distilled water (obtainable from a local chemist) to be inserted, and since then I have heard no further complaint. Yet it is very easy to forget the existence of the battery as long as it supplies the necessary starter, lighting, and horn-power during the course of the day, particularly when the owner does not mind using the handle first thing in the morning. Being lazy by disposition I object to this, and I, therefore, prefer the American method of turning on the "juice" and standing on the starter until something happens, resorting, if necessary, to expect assistance if the engine refuses to function.

A NEW INVENTION

A new Fordson snow motor, which has been bought by the Maloja Palace Hotel. It is propelled by two revolving torpedoes, round which runs a screw-like thread. Its owners anticipate that it will be of great use in carrying ski-runners to a height

* * *

BROOKLANDS TRACK will close for the season on Saturday, November 14th, in order that the annual repairs may be effected. The last of the organised competitions has been held, and the track is only available for record breaking or testing. After its general repair and overhaul it will be opened once more in the spring. Next season a very strong programme is being compiled, including an international long-distance race.

* * *

RECENTLY a three-litre Tourist Trophy Vauxhall racer—no longer in its first youth—was successful in obtaining eight world's records in the three-litre class. The driver was Mr. J. B. Barclay, and the records secured were the kilometre and mile, the 10 kilometres, and the 10 mile from a standing start, and the kilometre, mile, 5 kilometres, and 5 miles from a standing start. The standing mile was covered at the rate of 78.69 m.p.h., while the car consistently averaged over a 110 m.p.h. for the other records. G.C.S.

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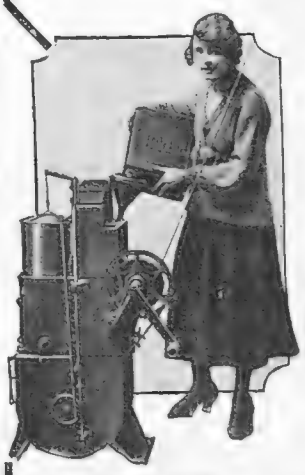

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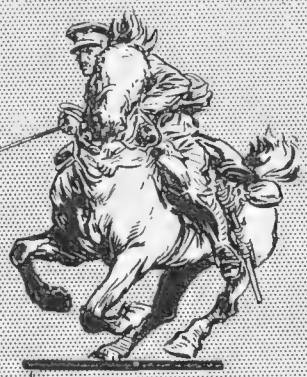

big GREYS

quality entitles them to special treatment -they are too good to form a habit

20 for 1'5

All Tobacconists

Registered GUARANTEED WATERPROOF Andersons LONDON. *Trade Mark*

Andersons' GUARANTEED WATERPROOFS

Are renowned for their perfect protection, are guaranteed absolutely Waterproof, well cut, finely finished goods of the highest quality.

IS THE IDEAL WATERPROOF FOR HUNTING, RIDING, AND ALL SPORTING PURPOSES.

It has a very full skirt, saddle gusset, long centre slit, leg straps, pommel strap, inner storm cuffs, sewn seams and edges; made in Double Texture Light and Medium weight Indianas, Twills and Paramattas, Drab, Olive and Fawn shades.

LADIES' or GENTS' **63/-** *less cash discount 3/6* .. **59/6**
Sent Carriage Paid.

For other qualities and shapes see our Illustrated Catalogue, sent Post Free on request.

Andersons' { Anderson, Anderson & Anderson, Ltd. / Anderson's Bristol Rubber Co., Ltd. / And Geo. Cording, Ltd., Associates.

India Rubber, Waterproof, and "Akwadine" Weatherproof Manufacturers.

58, 59 Charing Cross, S.W.1; 16 New Bond St., W.1;
37 Queen Victoria St., E.C.4; 190 Sloane St., S.W.1;
9, 10, 13 High St., and Mary-le-Port St., Bristol.

33 GOLD MEDALS AND AWARDS

A WELCOME SAVING

is effected by purchasing Irish Linens direct from the manufacturers, and intermediate profits are avoided.

Only the purest flax yarns are used in the production of these famous linens, which will stand long and hard wear and retain their whiteness.

Particulars of prices and qualities are given in our Household Linen Catalogue 44T, post free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, LTD.
IRISH LINEN MANUFACTURERS,
LONDON BELFAST LIVERPOOL

Exceptional offer of Superb Old Liqueur Scotch Whisky

This is an opportunity to procure a small quantity of a rare old Liqueur Scotch Whisky. Unlike most whiskies, the constituents of this wonderfully mellow blend are here given. Every man who is a real connoisseur of whisky will understand what a blend this is!

Highland and Islay Malts,	1898 to 1912, 50%
Lowland Malts	1887 to 1913, 15%
Scotch Grain	1902 to 1915, 35%

The youngest constituent of the blend has been matured in wood for 10 years; the oldest for 38 years. The average age is 20 years. It was vatted and blended from July 1917 to June 1918 and bottled this August, and its strength is 18 under proof.

These details are guaranteed in every particular.

The price is 240/- per doz. delivered

Only a very limited quantity of this fine old blend is available; early ordering is therefore essential. When this small stock is gone nothing like it will be procurable anywhere. Orders will be executed in strict rotation, and as we are anxious to give as many people as possible the opportunity of purchasing, no more than six dozen will be supplied to any one person.

If you do not consider this whisky to be greatly superior to any you have ever tasted we will refund your money at once

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4 CULLUM ST · LONDON · E.C.

Exide EXCELLENCES

Separators

of tough, yet very porous wood treated by a patent process they ensure perfect insulation with maximum porosity & give resilient support to the plates

Exide
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Obtainable from Traders Everywhere.

No. 2 of a series of advertisements by THE CHLORIDE ELECTRICAL STORAGE Co., Ltd.

The New Steinway Hall, 1 & 2 George Street, Conduit Street, W.1

Come and spend a fascinating half-hour in the splendid salons of the new Steinway Hall. Here you may revel in the touch of the incomparable Steinway and listen to its liquid notes, making up your mind that one day it will be your proud privilege to say—

The Piano is a STEINWAY

The Instrument of the Immortals

GRANDS UPRIGHTS AND REPRODUCING PLAYER PIANOS

GRADUAL PAYMENTS. *You can get any Steinway Piano immediately by paying a small percentage of the purchase price now and the balance in quarterly instalments. Write for details of this convenient scheme. . .*

STEINWAY & SONS — STEINWAY HALL — 1 & 2 GEORGE STREET, CONDUIT STREET, W.1

This is British.

An All-the-Year Car

AT almost the cost of a touring car, the 11 h.p. "Piccadilly" Saloon is at £255 the best value in light enclosed cars. It is a British all-the-year car at low cost. Ample room for four. Plenty of leg space. Everyone comfortable. Two wide doors make it easy to get in and out. The finish is good and the fittings are complete.

Front seats are adjustable bucket type. Cushions are deep. Upholstery is in cloth. Body painted "Standard" fawn, blue or crimson, with all bright parts nickel plated.

The All British
Standard
11 h.p. "Piccadilly" Saloon

£255

Dunlop Cord Tyres (Balloon or Standard).

The Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry. *London Showrooms:* 49, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

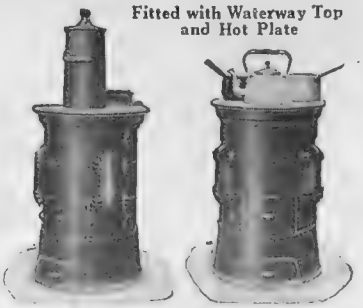
An Inn "licensed to brew beer, porter and cider," at Bretforton, Worcs.

"Count them on the Road"

Registered Trade Mark.

The "WENTWORTH" BOILER

Fitted with Waterway Top and Hot Plate



Boiler fitted with removable Top Feeder for keeping in all night.

Boiler with Top Feeder removed and plug inserted for use in cooking and boiling.

For GARAGE & GREENHOUSE HEATING
(As particulars below.)

This Boiler is suitable for Central Heating and providing Hot Water for Domestic Purposes. The top of Boiler is fitted with a Hot Plate, or Hob, which is very effective for boiling and simple cooking operations.

Size of Boiler	Capacity in 4in. Pipes Lineal ft.	Tapping	Diam. of Smoke Pipe	Price exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No. 4 16in. x 12in.	170	1¼in.	5in.	£5 14 4
,, 5 16in. x 18in.	190	1¼in.	5in.	£7 3 2
,, 6 16in. x 24in.	220	1¼in.	5in.	£8 13 9
,, 7 16in. x 30in.	250	1¼in.	5in.	£10 5 3

GREENHOUSE		GARAGE	
	ft. ft. ft.		ft. ft. ft.
No. 4 Boiler,	12 x 44 x 8	No. 4 Boiler,	35 x 40 x 10
,, 5 ,,	12 x 48 x 8	,, 5 ,,	40 x 42 x 10
,, 6 ,,	12 x 56 x 8	,, 6 ,,	40 x 45 x 10
,, 7 ,,	12 x 64 x 8	,, 7 ,,	45 x 45 x 10

Or same cubical contents.

NEWTON CHAMBERS & CO. LTD.
THORNCLIFFE IRON WORKS, near SHEFFIELD.

Telegrams: "Newton, Sheffield." Estab. 1793. *Telephone:* Ecclesfield 71 & 72

A Complete and Compact Garage

A pleasing tiled roof Motor House and Workshop combined. A thoroughly sturdy well-built private garage with ample car space. Handsome and durable, easily erected anywhere. Carriage paid to most Goods Stations in England and Wales.

We are greatly reducing the prices of all our manufactures but their high standard quality remains the same, carriage paid to most Goods Stations in England and Wales. Call or write for particulars and new prices.—MOTOR HOUSES, BUNGALOWS, CHALETS, GREENHOUSES, GARDEN ROOMS and other Portable Buildings.

BROWNE & LILLY, LTD.,
Manufacturers and Exporters,
THAMES SIDE ('Phone 587) READING

GRANT'S B.P.

The Whisky that justifies its name — **"BEST PROCURABLE"**

A happy combination of the Bounty of Nature and the Blender's Art.

WM. GRANT & SONS, LTD., The Glenfiddich and Balvenie-Glenlivet Distilleries, Dufftown, and at 82, Gordon Street, Glasgow.

London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch: Messrs. Hedges and Butler, Ltd., *Wine Merchants to H.M. The King,* 153, Regent Street, W.1.

Can You Judge Hosiery?

From Top to Toe

These Stockings of mine—**St. Margaret** Frame Fashioned de Luxe, though you'd never guess it by the price—fit perfectly from the well-shaped foot to the doubly re-inforced suspender top. It's the **St. Margaret** method of knitting which makes them keep their shape so perfectly, prevents any tendency to wrinkle up at the heel, and ensures such long wear in these British Stockings.

Every **St. Margaret** Frame Fashioned Stocking bears the words "FRAME FASHIONED."

St. Margaret HOSIERY

"For Every Occasion"

Made in a beautiful range of Silk, Artificial Silk, Cashmere, Lisle and Fancy Mixtures. Ask for "Cora," a Frame Fashioned Artificial Silk Stocking de Luxe.

If your dealer cannot supply from stock, he can obtain for you direct from the makers, N. Corah & Sons, Ltd., St. Margaret's Works, Leicester.

HOSIERY • UNDERWEAR • JERSEYS

Hairdressing Artistry

VITAL considerations distinguish the woman whose hair has been dressed by an artist in his craft.

The experts of the Phyllis Earle Salons are of European repute because they uphold the best traditions of their artistry, combining with their supreme skill a due regard for the patron's comfort.

	£	s.	d.
Shampoo		2	0
Cut, Singe and Shampoo		3	6
Waving		2	0
Water Waving Natural Wavy or Permanently Waved Head		3	6
Shampoo and Water Wave		5	0
Shampoo and Marcel Wave		4	0
Shingling, First time		5	6
Shingling, Subsequently		3	6

PERMANENT WAVING—

	£	s.	d.
(*a*) *Full Head*	5	5	0
(*b*) *Half Head*	3	3	0
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Phyllis Earle Salons
15 NORTH AUDLEY STREET,
LONDON, W.1
(Near Selfridge's)
Special appointment 'Phone Mayfair 3798

The "Great" boiler for the "Small" house

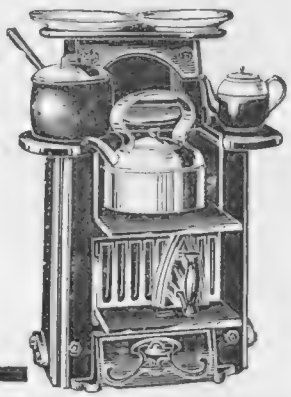
The "Domestikatum" stands alone as the only Hot Water Supply Boiler with an absolutely open grate. It provides constant hot water for baths and household use, gives a cheerful fire in the kitchen, and meets practically all cooking requirements except oven baking. It is economical in time and fuel, and has no bright parts to need continual cleaning.

Note the name!
Note the price!
Note the absolutely open fire!

and don't confuse it with other "Domestic" boilers now sold, as it possesses advantages which no other boiler can give.

Price £7 : 7 : 3

The Domestikatum Boiler



Write for full informative leaflet, telling you all about this boiler.

JONES & ATTWOOD LTD.,
"Titan Boiler Works"
STOURBRIDGE.

USE THE 'Ronoleke'
HOT WATER BOTTLE
WITH CAPTIVE STOPPER

THE RONOLEKE GIVES YOU REAL BED COMFORT

RELIEVES PAIN NEURALGIA INFLUENZA CHILLS ETC

SIZE 12"x8"
6/9
FROM CHEMISTS & RUBBER SHOPS

IT LASTS FOR YEARS AND NEVER LEAKS

IF ANY DIFFICULTY IN OBTAINING WRITE TO THE MANUFACTURERS:
CAMPBELL, ACHNACH & CO., LTD., WALLACE STREET, GLASGOW.

FURNITURE AND WORKS OF ART

Modern and Antique, for immediate disposal,

by order of trustees, removed from Cavendish Square, W., Buckingham Palace Mansions and Maidenhead, also remaining items from "Pantia Ralli" collection, the late Rt. Hon. Lord Mount-Stephen, G.C.V.O., and the Agnew Collections. The whole of these magnificent goods to be disposed of regardless of original cost. EVERY DAY 9 TILL 7, INCLUDING THURSDAYS AND SATURDAYS. Any item may be selected now and held for delivery till required or delivered Town, Country or Abroad.

DINING-ROOMS, RECEPTION-ROOMS and LIBRARIES in styles of Adam, Hepplewhite, Chippendale and Sheraton. Complete sets ranging from 15 guineas up to 1,000 guineas. Special attention is called to a very beautiful set in rich dark mahogany of Queen Anne style, comprising sideboard, extending oval dining-table on shaped legs, and a complete set of dining chairs with carving chairs to match, the whole set being offered at £37, and another complete set of exquisite make of Sheraton style offered at £45. Complete reception-room sets, including Oak Dresser, extending table, and complete set of chairs for 15 guineas. Chesterfield settee with two large Lounge Easy Chairs covered Crocodile grain, with loose cushions, 27 guineas. Collection of Old Oak in Elizabethan, James, Charles II, including old Court cupboards, dressers, refectory, and other tables, chairs, stools old armour, and sporting trophies.

122 BEDROOMS and DRESSING-ROOMS, including old four-post beds, tallboy, and other chests, also complete modern suites of excellent make and design. Carved walnut and gilt, black and gold lacquer of Chinese style. Richly painted satinwood, French lacquered, etc., ranging from 10 guineas up to 700 guineas.

Special attention is directed to several sets of exquisite design and finish, comprising roomy wardrobes, dressing chests, washing stands and chests, chairs, etc. A complete bedroom suite in Old English style offered at 17 guineas. Complete sets in Chippendale and Sheraton style at 18 guineas, and also sets in figured Walnut of Queen Anne and William and Mary design from 27 guineas. Collection of Old Oak Bedroom effects, including Elizabethan style four-post bed, Cupboards and Old Oak Chests. Many fine old pieces worth the attention of connoisseurs.

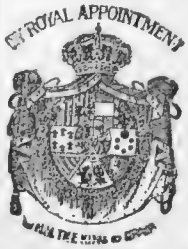
DRAWING-ROOMS in English and Continental styles, including some choice specimens of painted satinwood, Walnut and Gilt, Black and Red Chinese lacquer. A magnificent Louis XVI set, covered real hand-made Aubusson Tapestries, being offered at 85 guineas (cost over treble).

LARGE LOUNGE SETTEES and EASY CHAIRS of exceptionally fine make, most having loose down cushion seats and backs, and covered in choice silk velvets, tapestries, and art linen, ranging in price from settees 3 guineas each up to 35 guineas, and easy chairs 45s. each up to 20 guineas.

PIANOFORTES, Baby Grand and Upright, from 10 guineas.

CARPETS, Persian, Turkey, Indian, and English Axminster.

Complete canteens containing cutlery, by Mappin and Webb, and other eminent makers, from £4 4s.; fine cut-glass and other table services: silver-plate, tea and dinner services, grandfather and bracket chiming clocks, iron safes, quantity of bed and table linen.



COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE (P.) NOW READY. MAY BE HAD FREE ON APPLICATION.

FURNITURE & FINE ART DEPOSITORIES LTD.,
(By Royal Appointment to H.M. The King of Spain).
PARK ST., UPPER ST., ISLINGTON, LONDON, N. 1.

Train fares and cab fares allowed to all customers.
'Buses 144a, 43a & 43f, 10, 143a, 4a and 30 pass our door.

FROM its lofty position, midway between Calne and Avebury, the Cherhill pegasus is visible for a distance of 25 to 30 miles. It is represented in a trotting attitude. The eye was originally filled in with glass bottles, but no trace of its glass eye remains to-day. It was cut out in 1780, 38 years after the arrival of that other White Horse whose name was destined to become a household word, denoting whisky of great age, consistently good and healthful.

WHITE HORSE
Scotch WHISKY

Made by the Largest Independent Whisky Firm in Scotland

WHITE HORSE DISTILLERS LTD., GLASGOW and LONDON.

BUILT FOR HEALTH AND COMFORT

Stop risking painful foot-troubles

caused by shoes fitted in the old-fashioned way

THE ORDINARY WAY OF FITTING SHOES IS NOT MERELY HOPELESSLY OUT OF DATE—IT IS ALSO A POSITIVE DANGER TO YOUR HEALTH—

because though it allows for varying proportions in the length and width of the foot, it makes no provision whatever for *varying length of arch.*

Consequently, nine people out of ten are to-day wearing shoes that are too short in the arch, *i.e.*, from heel to ball. The balls of their feet rest too far forward, leaving a space behind them between the arch of the foot and the sole of the shoe. *Into this space the arch of the foot sags, causing flat-footedness and elongation of the foot.* To make matters worse, the toes then tend to slide forward into the narrowing front part of the shoe and be cramped there. This causes painful corns, bunions, joint-enlargements, callouses, ingrowing toe-nails, hammer-toes, etc.

THE HEEL-TO-BALL METHOD OF FITTING ENSURES A PERFECT FIT FOR THE ARCH OF THE FOOT AS WELL AS FOR ITS LENGTH AND BREADTH.

That is to say, the curve of the *sole* is shaped to follow faithfully the actual lines of the bottom of the foot in *each individual case*, so that the arch of the foot is always fully supported along the *whole* of its length. Every Selberite Arch Preserver Shoe is fitted in this way. That is one of the reasons why

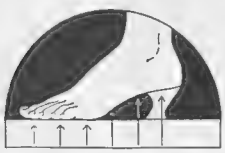
SELBERITE ARCH PRESERVER SHOES ARE SOLD ONLY THROUGH SPECIALLY APPOINTED AGENTS WHO UNDERTAKE TO USE THE HEEL-TO-BALL METHOD.

A snugly-fitting sole is not, however, all that is necessary to prevent foot-troubles. An ordinary leather sole flattens beneath the weight of the body; and then the unsupported arch of the foot flattens too, giving rise sooner or later to the foot troubles already mentioned. The Selberite Arch Preserver Shoe is the *only shoe that effectually provides against this.* Built into the shank of every Selberite Arch Preserver shoe is a light but immensely strong tempered steel bridge, which supports the arch of the foot *without diminishing in the slightest degree the lightness or smartness of the shoe.*

Any of the authorised agents listed below will be glad to show you the beautiful range of Arch Preserver Shoes, and to supply you with a perfect fit by means of the heel-to-ball method.

NATURE intended the weight of your body to be sustained by the heel, the OUTSIDE ARCH, and the ball of the foot—all resting on the ground.

In an ordinary shoe the raised heel thrusts your weight forward on to the OUTSIDE ARCH which hasn't sufficient support to stand the strain.



THE SELBERITE ARCH PRESERVER SHOE, with its built in bridge, sustains the OUTSIDE ARCH so that the weight of your body is still supported in the natural way.

Selberite

ARCH PRESERVER SHOES

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN · DESIGNED FOR TOWN AND COUNTRY WEAR

This symbol exhibited in a shop window indicates an authorised service agent for Arch Preserver Shoes.

Write for our free illustrated booklet to Arch Preserver Shoe, Ltd., 6 George Street, Hanover Square, W.1.

A List of some of our Authorised Service Agents

CHARLES H. BABER LTD., 304 Regent St., London, W.3.
A. PALMER LTD., 7 Harewood Place, London, W. 1.
J. ANTHONY, 8 Basil St., Knightsbridge, W.1.
BON MARCHE (Liverpool) LTD., Basnet St., Liverpool.
J. A. BRAIN, 114 Broad St., Reading.
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WM. CHALMERS & SON, 40 High St., Dundee.
E. HARMER, 92 Heaton Rd., Newcastle.
J. A. DUNN, 46 Union St., Aberdeen.
H. FERGUSON & SONS, 2 Port St., Stirling.
R. H. GALE, 9 Market St., Blackpool.
JEWSBURY & CO., LTD., 79 Deansgate, Manchester.
GEO. H. LEE LTD., Basnet St., Liverpool.
G. A. MORGAN, 178 Hamlet Ct. Rd., Westcliff-on-Sea.
MILNE & MUNROE, 263 Union St., Aberdeen.
JAS. McDONALD & SON, 56 High St., Paisley.
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GAVIN CRAWFORD & SONS. Sauchiehall St. Glasgow.
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D. REID, 22 Bruntsfield Place, Edinburgh.
G. LEGG & SONS, 14 Gosditch St., Cirencester.
G. MITCHELL, 88 Commercial St., Brighouse, Yorks.
GOODSON & SONS, Tontine Square, Hanley, S.-on-T.
S. LANGTREY, Wellington Place, Belfast.
JOSHUA FINLEY & CO. LTD., 46 King St., Manchester.
STEPHENS & BOURKE, Stephens Green, Dublin.
WALTERS & SONS, John St., Porthcawl.
T. DUNCAN & CO., 55 Princess St., Edinburgh.
C. DONALDSON & SONS, Bell St., St. Andrews.
CRASK & CO., Tyrell St., Bradford.

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

For the Swiss Sports

APPARENTLY it is none too early to be considering attire suitable for the coming Swiss sports, that is judging by the crowds that have been flocking to Burberry's, Haymarket, during the past week, where mannequin displays have been held showing everything for men, women, and children.

At Burberry's punctilious attention is paid in the first place to snow-proof materials, special stress being laid on the splendid resisting character of "Burella," followed closely by "Ritnew."

In connection with the first-named there is a very riot of colours and designs, the patterns, checks for the most part, in charmingly blended shades, which are employed for ski-ing suits *en bloc*, or allied with a self tone, other examples, as shown in the adjoining illustration, combining two colours. This supremely attractive and essentially practical suit is carried out in tangerine "Burella," trimmed with narrow bands of stained-glass-window blue, the latter finding further emphasis in a jolly little tammy of the same material.

This model, as you see, is made with trousers tucked down under the turn-over socks, other suits showing breeches accompanied by putties. The above-mentioned checked "Burellas" promise to look especially well among the snow-clad mountains. Extremely smart are trousers of the same bright colour surmounted by a short, black, double-breasted coat, accompanied by a quartered tammy in the two tones.

Mits to match are likewise always provided to complete the harmony, and the socks supplied by Burberry are of that sturdy goat's-hair that is too hard to ever get damp and clammy.

For children, the Jodhpur type of nether garment is recommended, a pretty fair curly-haired mannequin appealing irresistibly in a ski-ing suit of pale orange "Burella."

FOR SWITZERLAND

A becoming and serviceable winter sports suit in tangerine "Burella," trimmed with narrow bands of blue. This model is one of the many to be seen at Burberry's in the Haymarket

Important Revelations in the Dress World

NOT once, but many times lately, I have been asked whether I seriously believe the picturesque panniered dance frock is really to be worn, and always I have answered in the affirmative. Apart from the instinct one has about clothes, there has been already sufficient confirmation that the leading *couturières* have got this departure firmly in hand, and if further proof is required, let everyone go to Peter Robinson's, Oxford Circus, and see for themselves the number of entrancing models that are being shown there. And no two are exactly alike, though all conform to the decree for full-gathered skirts and rather long-waisted, very close-fitting bodices. These last do not actually define a waist, but they most unquestionably hint it.

Our artist has sketched a little dream of a dress effected in rose du Barri taffetas, a silk that is exceedingly soft, with not a suggestion of rustle or dressing. Hence the quantity used in the skirts to get the full appearance, the hips in this model being accentuated by small under-panniers, while at the hem there comes a narrow fold of old blue shot silk.

The *motifs* adorning the jupe are worked in diamanté, each one finished by a long silk tassel, the bodice buttoning up the centre front to the base of an oval *décolletage*.

Equally notable is a model in pale mauve, shot with silver lights, that opens in front over a soft full petticoat of deep tinted lace, almost the shade of a narrow gold tinsel lace that meanders about in delicate scrolls together with the finest silk flowers.

A Roumanian horizontally striped silk, the ground of vieux rose, patterned in lines of greens, blues, and mauve, shows at the hem of the skirt a deep border of hyacinth blue, which is picked up in loops and long ends on one shoulder.

A CHARMING DANCE FROCK

A picturesque panniered dance frock in rose du Barri taffetas, the hips being accentuated by small under-panniers. This is one of the attractive models from Peter Robinson's, Oxford Circus

Sketches by Betty Nisbet

At the same time there are a number of other models on straighter and more familiar lines for those who prefer them. At 6½ guineas there is a range of eminently useful slip-on evening dresses made of figured velvet, on ninon. These are offered in two or three different styles, the skirts mostly revealing the approved flare effect, a like choice obtaining in dainty shaded lace frocks priced at only 6 guineas.

Of a Character All Its Own

AFTER a successful decade, "Luvisca" can almost be regarded as a pioneer in artificial silk weaves, though it has had many followers, devised and produced by the well-known firm of Courtauld.

"Luvisca," however, remains characteristically itself, and is generally accepted as a leading British textile; perfection for blouses, summer dresses, children's bettermost frocks, and men's shirts and pyjamas. Dainty and delicate in appearance, only experience confirms the fact claimed for great durability. No amount of washing can disturb its serenity or its colour. To the end "Luvisca" retains all its

natural lustre and charm, and looks as good as new.

"Luvisca" blouses are incomparable, and are to be bought at all the leading drapers, as also the material by the yard for those who prefer to make their own garments, excellent taste being shown in suitable designs and colourings for the manifold uses to which it is put, and to avoid disappointment the registered trade-mark "Luvisca" is stamped on every yard sold by the piece, and in tabs stitched into made-up goods, that standing as guarantee for satisfactory service. The manufacturers vouch for it.

One of the most recent purposes for which "Luvisca" is proving invaluable is the lining of coats. To meet this end dark plain colours are being produced, such as brown, fawn and navy blue, as well as some attractive stripe effects.

A Sure Thing

BOTH *modistes* and *tailleurs* are demanding figures they can fit, not merely hang clothes on, which at once accounts for the instant and convincing success of the Bien Jolie Ceinture Complé Corsette. This, I am satisfied without any question or doubt, is one of the most perfect foundation garments for acquiring the new and certainly much-improved figure.

It secures with the utmost ease and comfort the straight unbroken line and slim upper part it is now the aim of all the well-dressed to possess, and in the adjoined illustration you get a particularly clear idea of the construction and silhouette it creates. There is the *brassière* top, most important, on to which the deep belt is mounted, with wide inserted hip pieces of elastic.

PRESERVING THE SLIM LINE

The "Bien Jolie" Ceinture Complé Corsette, manufactured by Messrs. Charles R. Campbell and Co., 3, Milk Street Buildings, E.C.2. It is especially designed to preserve the fashionable slim line

To describe the Ceinture Complé as one of the cleverest pieces of corset artistry is but modest praise, and this wonderful aid to a beautiful figure has arrived at the right psychological moment, an impossible feat if the firm responsible had not dared to look ahead and act before the word "go" came from the *couturière* circle.

There are several qualities, as may be gathered from the fact that prices range from 3½ guineas to 12*s.* 11*d.*, but the difference is only a matter of material, the top price securing creations of Milanese satin and surgical elastic.

Although a number of the high-class drapers stock these foundation garments, direct application can be made to Messrs. Charles R. Campbell and Co., 3, Milk Street Buildings, E.C. 2.

Wool for Warmth

WE have weathered the summer fairly successfully, wearing the slightest and fewest of under-garments, as ordained by *La Mode*; but with little or no change in silhouette there is a different story to be faced with the winter upon us. Accepting the decree that neither *couturières* or women are prepared to sever themselves from slimness, the Wolsey firm, of Leicester, have set themselves out to meet the situation.

Towards this end they are mingling real and artificial silk with the finest

(*Continued on page* xiv)

SOUTH AFRICA:
The Sunshine Playground

While the gloomy days of the Northern Winter are steadily closing in, the radiant weather of the Southern Summer, with its clear skies and comfortable warmth, is at hand in South Africa.

If you contemplate wintering abroad, consider voyaging South this year. It is a pleasing change to spend Christmas in brilliant sunshine at one of the beautiful resorts on the South African coast. It is advisable to book early.

Consult the Publicity Agent, Union of South Africa, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2, and ask for free booklet "Seaside Resorts" ("T.M.")

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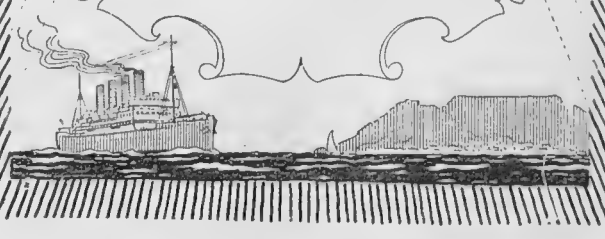

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Wonderful Lavona Hair Tonic!

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PERFUMES
Lily of the Valley

Prices : 3/-, 5/-, 8/6 and 15/8.

Send for Bijou Trial Box of Perfume, Soap, Powder and Sachet. State which perfume you prefer—Lily of the Valley, Gillyflower or Zenobia Violets. Enclose 1/- P.O. and address, Zenobia Ltd. (Dept. L), Loughborough, Leicestershire.

Post early to friends abroad!

There are many gifts whose charm is merely transient. The pleasure they give passes away as the novelty wears off.

Choose a gift which is sure to be appreciated for a lifetime—a famous "Swan" for instance—daily useful and a lasting reminder of the donor.

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Self-filling "Swan"
Fitted with three 18ct. rolled gold bands and fixed clip, **23/6**

Self-filling "Swan" and "Fyne-Poynt" Pencil, of polished vulcanite with 18ct. rolled gold mountings.

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Use "Swan" Ink.

purest wool procurable, and creating *au dessous* the most fastidious could not find any valid reason for refusing to adopt. These take little or no room, are soft and soothing next the skin, and are, in fact, a complete revelation of quality, alike in material and workmanship. What is more, they retain all their original character through innumerable washings. The Wolsey firm never flinched before the fact that they were up against a big proposition; but that they have emphatically overcome it all can judge for themselves by asking for the firm's New Dainty Underwear.

CHANNEL COMFORT

A portion of the enclosed, glass-sided "awning deck," on the Southern Railway Company's new cross-Channel boats, "Maid of Kent" and "Isle of Thanet"

Services to the Pyrenees

Travellers to the Pyrenees may now take advantage of the arrangements made by the Orléans and Midi Railway Companies for through trains. The Pyrénées-Côte d'Argent express now runs direct from Calais, which it leaves at 2.55, connecting with the 11 a.m. service from London. All the centres of the Pyrenees are served by this express. On the return journey a through sleeping coach leaves Hendaye and runs direct to Boulogne, which it reaches at 6.52 p.m., London being reached at 10.53 p.m.

AMONG THE MOUNTAINS

Ski-ers on an expedition over the wonderful snowfields above Klosters, the well-known winter-sports resort

En Route *for the Mountains*

The lot of the winter-sports enthusiast is yearly improving. In addition to the short Channel, the through train services from Boulogne of the Northern and Est Railways of France make the journey to the different sports centres as comfortable and speedy as possible. Leaving London at 2 p.m., the traveller may join at Boulogne train No. 1280, which has through coaches for first and second classes to Coire, Lucerne (via Bâle), and Interlaken. The return journey is made by train No. 1281, and joins at Boulogne, the service, arriving in London at 3.15 p.m. The 11 o'clock service via Calais enables the journey to Chamonix to be made on train No. 68, by through coaches for first and second classes, and by *Wagon-lits* via St. Gervais-les-Bains-Le Fayat. The return journey via Calais brings the passenger to London again by the 7.15 p.m. service. The journey to Berne, Interlaken, Zurich, and Coire and back may also be made three times a week by trains 68 and 99.

Photograph] IN THE PYRENEES *[bandelot*

A panoramic view of Font-Romeu, the winter-sports centre in the Pyrenees, showing the wonderful range of mountain scenery

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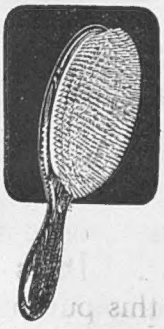

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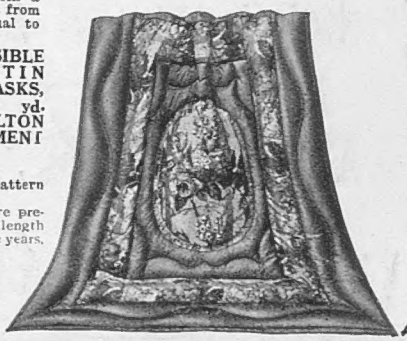

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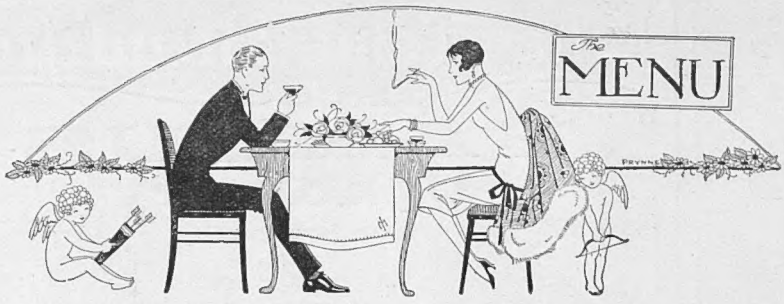

VARIOUS FISH RECIPES

SOLE AU GRATIN DEVILLED OYSTERS
FISH FLAN WITH TOMATOES LOBSTER WITH SPAGHETTI
SHRIMPS À LA NEWBURG (A SUPPER DISH)

Sole au Gratin

A LARGE thick sole will be required for this dish, and it should be cooked in the following way: Mix up together in a basin some very fine breadcrumbs with chopped-up parsley, a small shallot, some mushrooms, and a piece of fat bacon the size of a nut, all of it chopped up very very fine; add white pepper and salt, put pieces of butter at the bottom of the dish, spread the seasoning and lay the fish upon it, cover with more of the seasoning, and pour over all one glass of white wine and the same quantity of white stock. Cover with a layer of very fine raspings, sprinkled with oiled butter. Put it in a quick oven—it takes about twenty minutes—add more stock if it gets too dry. It should be served in the dish in which it is cooked.

Devilled Oysters

Two dozen oysters, 1 oz. of butter, one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, half a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, cayenne and salt, and croûtons of toast. Put the butter in a pan, and when dissolved add the lemon-juice and parsley, drain the oysters and cook carefully until they are plump and the gills a little frilled. Season highly with cayenne and salt and serve on croûtons of toast. Boil the liquor from the oysters very quickly till it is reduced to half its quantity, then pour it over the oysters and serve at once.

Fish Flan with Tomatoes

About 1 lb. of cold boiled fish, ¾ lb. of boiled potatoes, one egg, 1 oz. of butter, half a gill of cream or milk, 2 ozs. of cheese, tomatoes and parsley, salt and pepper. Remove skin and bones from the fish, and flake and pound it well. Mix with it ½ lb. of mashed potato, the egg well beaten, 1 oz. of butter, melted, and a good seasoning of salt and pepper. Put this mixture into a round tin and bake a golden brown in a hot oven. Rub the remainder of the potatoes through a sieve, beat them with the cream and a little salt and pepper until soft. Turn out the fish-cake, pipe the potato round the edge, and sprinkle the cheese finely grated on the centre. Cover with sliced tomatoes, upon which has been placed a little chopped parsley; place under a grill for five minutes and serve very hot.

Lobster with Spaghetti

Four ounces of boiled spaghetti, 3 ozs. of grated cheese, 2 ozs. of butter, three tomatoes (medium size), one lemon, one teaspoonful of salt, quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. Place a layer of the spaghetti on a hot dish, and sprinkle over a little cheese. Over this place a layer of sliced tomatoes, and then a layer of the lobster in equal depth. Squeeze over the lemon and season with salt and pepper. Place over this the remainder of the spaghetti and sprinkle over the remainder of the cheese. Melt and pour over the butter. Bake in a quick oven for ten minutes.

Shrimps à la Newburg

Open a tin of shrimps, then let them stand for two hours. Put into a chafing-dish 2 ozs. of butter and 1 oz. of flour, light the lamp and slip the hot-water pan underneath. When well mixed, add about a quarter of a pint of cream, stir until it thickens, then add the shrimps, three tablespoonfuls of sherry, and salt and pepper to taste. Simmer for two minutes, stir in two well-beaten eggs, and when the sauce is creamy the dish is ready to serve.

EMILIA

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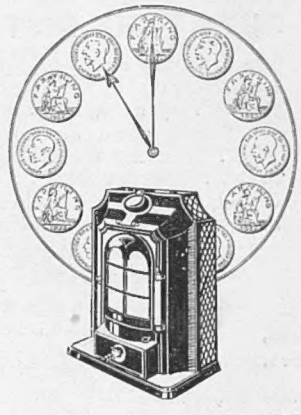

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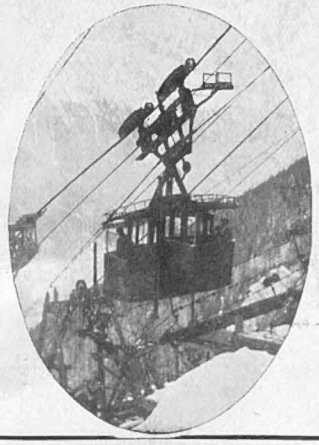

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"—her glance
Spoke something, past all mortal pleasures,
As in a kind of holy trance
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As if she mix'd her soul with theirs.
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From flow'rs and scented flame that fed
Her charmèd life—"
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